

THE
❖HOTEL❖BOOK❖
OF
BREADS AND CAKES.

FRENCH, VIENNA, PARKER HOUSE AND OTHER ROLLS, MUFFINS, WAFFLES,
TEA CAKES; STOCK YEAST, AND FERMENT; YEAST-RAISED CAKES,
ETC., ETC., AS MADE IN THE BEST HOTELS
AND RESTAURANTS.

BEING A PART OF THE
“OVEN AND RANGE” SERIES.

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BY
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THE HOTEL BOOK OF BREADS.

All the Mystery that Pertains to Yeast

511.

Stout Party: "What delicious bread you have Who is your baker?"

Brullat-Savarin: "Limet, in Rue de Richelieu He supplies the royal family; but I send there because it is near, and continue doing so because I have proclaimed him to be the first bread-maker in the world."

Stout Party: "I must take a note of his address I am a great eater of bread, and with such rolls as those I could almost dispense with everything else."

It is one of the most natural occurrences in the world, when traveling hotel patrons stop at a good hotel—no matter what the rate per day if situated in the midst of the land of sweet butter—and find on the table hot rolls that are remarkably light, well-baked, well-shaped, thin-crusts, soft, white, sweet, fine-grained, delicious and just splendid; so that they think they "could almost dispense with everything else;" for them to ask somebody as a special favor to procure them the receipt to make them by. But, more's the pity, they seldom derive any benefit from the reply; not only because the ingredients are but seldom weighed or measured, and the pastry cook may be unable and unwilling to supply the information, but because in the nature of the case the receipt is but a small part of a little system of bread-making that has to be faithfully followed from small beginnings to great results, if uniformly fine rolls and bread are to be produced; and that little system is yet so large that it cannot be explained quite all in a minute. Happily however, bread-making is not a very complicated affair compared with other branches of cookery where each new article may require a different method, but this once learned becomes little more than a matter of routine. The first step is making the yeast.

Common Yeast, or Baker's Ferment.

512.

About 24 potatoes.

2 pounds of flour.

4 ounces of sugar

1 quart of stock yeast.

Wash the potatoes thoroughly, using a brush for the purpose, and boil them in a kettle of water. When done pour off what remains of the dark water and fill up again with fresh. When that boils turn out potatoes and boiling water on to the flour in a large pan and mash all to a smooth paste. Throw in the sugar. Thin down with ice water till like thick cream. Set the large colander over your 6-gallon stone jar (just fresh scalded out) and strain the yeast into it. When it is no more than about milk warm mix in the stock or other yeast to start it. Let stand in a moderately warm place, undisturbed, for from 12 to 24 hours—according to

weather, activity, and need of using. It will then be ready for use, and should be kept cold.

Not much in that; yet it was once the subject of an English patent. Somewhere between 1825 and 1835. And in the days of our daddies was kept a profound secret and termed patent yeast, London yeast, and patent London potato yeast, long after the patent had expired. Now it is used in almost every household where bread is made.

To avoid sourness in this ferment it is quite essential that the flour be well scalded, which is the reason for filling up the kettle the second time to have plenty of boiling water to pour over it along with the potatoes.

Ought not the potatoes be pared?

Yes, they ought to be. In nice little hotels kept by ladies they are pared and the eyes scooped out. All the bakers will do that way when the millennium comes. At present the bakers have a sort of superstition that the potato skins make the yeast stronger, and if it should fail to be good would be sure to lay the blame to the paring of the potatoes. However, they are obliged to wash them very clean, and if they did not pour off the first water they are boiled in, its blackness would injure their bread.

There is no salt in the receipt. Ought not salt be added?

It need not be. It seems about all the private house authorities add salt. The baker's superstitions all are against it. Most bakers will not put salt in their first sponge. Salt in yeast probably does no harm; it certainly does no good. This little book teaches to make bread with such ease, certainty, and indifference to trifles that you will be at liberty to do either way without impairing success.

Not so with sugar. It has a chemical effect that is very observable. People can go on for years making good bread without, but they never discover how quick and strong yeast can be until they try the sugar experiment.

513.

But there is stock yeast mentioned. Where are we to get that?

By all means make your own if you have to make bread constantly and regularly, no matter in what quantity, for stock can be made either by the barrel or bottleful, and needs be made only once a month, because stock is not put into bread direct, but only used to make the common yeast or ferment.

It costs only the trouble of making, the materials being almost too trifling in expense to count. Of course you can shuffle along without. Some hotel pastry cooks do so all their lives, never knowing how to make stock. But then they are always dependent, begging from those who are unwilling to

give or sell it. Or else they use ferment to start with over and over again, and it carries the germs of acetic fermentation, or seeds of sourness all the time; it is weak and makes rotten dough, while with stock used to start with every time, or at least alternately, it is the most difficult thing to make dough or bread become sour, even if you were to try it.

Some who go on using the lifeless ferment made with ferment for years, blaming the flour and the luck, are astonished after all to find yeast made with perfect stock turning out rolls and loaves twice as large and twice as good as ever they had known them before.

Stock yeast is the foundation corner stone of a trade. The receipt for making it is never published. It is too valuable to be spread broadcast in a newspaper, yet some way will be indicated at the end of this book by which those who really need it may obtain the desired information.

But if no stock yeast, what then?

A quart or more of good ferment from the shop of a good baker is the best substitute. Next to that is dry hop yeast in cakes, (they are made from stock yeast) not good for making bread direct because of their taste, perceptible to all persons critical about their bread, but good to start ferment along with sugar. Use a liberal amount—about 6 cakes to each gallon of ferment made. Make a new start that way about once a month and use ferment for starting at other times.

There are no hops. Don't you use hops in making yeast?

Yes, in all cases where no stock can be had, tie up 4 ounces of hops in a piece of muslin, boil them with the potatoes in the second water, and press out the liquor through the colander when straining the yeast. Hops are not needed with stock for starting, as that is already bitter with them.

The baker or pastry cook who makes perfect yeast is naturally reluctant to take chances on other people's on making a new commencement, and will prefer to take along his own in the following easy and reliable manner.

514. Dry Hop Yeast.

- 1 pint of strong, thick, stock yeast.
- 1 pint of fresh ferment.
- 1 pound of corn meal.
- 1 pound of flour.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar.

By thick stock is meant some that is not watered down to the common point of using, but left with more consistence for this purpose.

Mix all together to a stiff dough, without knead-

ing. Cut out in suitable cakes and dry them in a cool place as quickly as possible, turning over frequently. If covered with meal and dried under a slight pressure of board and weight till so much of the moisture is expelled that they cannot ferment, these cakes will be as free from breakage as the dry yeast of the stores. Either way they will be found very strong and ready both for bread or yeast making.

515.

A brand of dry yeast with a German name that is sold in tin-foil packages, is made as above with starch and flour. The starch absorbs more moisture—takes up more yeast.

There are then several kinds of yeast. Of compressed yeast, the all in all and first necessity with many bakers, this little book will not have much to say. It is neither better nor worse than that we make ourselves. Its one merit is that it saves the trouble of making either stock or ferment. In the largest hotels which have bakeries attached it is used and, saving labor, is as cheap as any. But it has to be purchased, and in the ordinary hotel and boarding house, after a month or two, the question invariably comes:

"Can't you make your own yeast? So and so does, and they have splendid bread."

Then the cook or pastry makes his own, and rather liking the independence it gives him, and not caring to change methods every month, the practice of using home-made yeast becomes the hotel rule.

All ignorant imaginings of luck, chance, water-witchery, mystery, hidden knowledge, moon's age and the like having to do with fermentation should, one would think, have been banished long before this; but such is not the case, as we are often reminded seeing how easily even some old hands will give up trying under the least stress of accident.

Two men, a few months since, started a "French Bakery"—so their handsome new sign had it—in the liveliest new city on the continent. The capitalist, with five years savings of some plodding business; the other partner, a routine shop baker from an eastern city. Large size portable oven procured at great expense, very large tent, all other fixtures suitable, high hopes of course, scores of such beginnings had become fine stores doing a rushing business. First opening day bread very bad—gray color like rye—full of holes—rolls all run together shapeless, worse than bread. Blamed flour. Sent for the merchant author of their ruin. Merchant called referees, proved best flour in the state. Next day bread no better, could not be worse—blamed water, oven, dough trough, weather. Next day bread no better—blamed the luck, moon, planet, climate, salt. Ran to place of one of referees where

glorious bread was made and borrowed some good yeast.

Next day had good average baker's bread. But no more customers. All parties demoralized. Baker on a stool smoking said it was no use, his trying in that town any more, because he had made his first yeast in the wrong quarter of the moon! Sold out for a song—capitalist raised enough to go back home with—baker lost.

Another case. The steward of a good hotel where the finest bread was known to be made, was sought by the owner of a bakery that had been running with good success for some time.

"What brand of flour do you use? I must get some or close my shop. I have no more good bread and my trade is leaving me."

"We use the best—such a brand."

"Why, I have that, but they must have changed quality on me."

"That does not seem possible, for you got the other half of the same car load as ours. Perhaps you will find the fault is with your baker. He did well in warm weather; now the nights are cold. His yeast has run out."

Correct. Some changes, and the business recovered and has grown.

In one of those Florida hotels, years ago, they tried to do without engaging a pastry cook for the season, and might have got along very well had it not been for the inscrutable mystery that so envelops yeast as to make it impossible for ordinary home folk to ever penetrate to the bottom of it. The company was coming but the yeast would not come nor the light bread. The family carryall was sent fifty miles for a baker, in haste. He came, he saw, he made some mash and poured it very warm into their cold and inert yeast, and in an hour it was all life, overflowing the top and filling another jar besides. Such wonderful witchcraft as he understood they never could expect to learn, so he had to stay the season through. It was well for him that he understood yeast.

Scientists tell us that yeast is a plant, a festive sort of microscopic fungus, or multitudinous mass of it, of exuberant growth under the usual conditions favorable to plant life. There is any desired amount of natural philosophy besides the above to be found in studying the singular ways of yeast, such as the different kind of fermentation and the changes produced in the flour, but the really practical thing for bread-makers' profit to remember is that one point that yeast is a plant and to be cared as such. As plants grow fast under the influence of warmth and moisture so does yeast. Hot water poured into a bed of plants will kill them and the same excess of heat kills yeast, whether the ferment

be too hot into which the starting yeast is poured, or whether the dough be made too hot when it is set with yeast in it to rise. As a root or seed will be in the ground for months without growing if the ground be cold so will yeast remain without life in a similar condition. And as a plant may be unnaturally forced to a sickly rapidity of growth till it falls of its own weight so do yeast and dough act when they are hurried too much by being kept as hot as they can be without killing them.

The best bread and yeast are made by giving plenty of time and gentle temperature for all the processes to be carried out in a natural manner.

Accidental freezing solid does not kill yeast, nor seem to injure it. This refers only to common degrees of cold, not extremes.

516. About Flour. Graham Bread, Rye-an'- Injun and Boston Brown.

In fact, great emphasis has been laid upon the quality and manufacture of bread from early times, when the whitest and finest was called *simnel* cakes, and was concocted chiefly to please the palate of the rich and high-born, as well as the *wastel* bread, not quite so aristocratic; while the *tourle*, or twisted loaf, and black bread made from the coarsest portion of the wheat, or from some inferior grain, fell to the share of the poor.

Nowadays we have discovered that the coarse fare furnishes more nutriment, and the rich have adopted it and made it popular — *Harper's Bazar*.

Every cure of corpulence must begin with these three maxims or absolute principles: discretion in eating, moderation in sleep, exercise on foot or horseback.

To abstain more or less rigorously from all that is floury and starchy tends to lessen corpulence.

You like bread; then eat brown or rye bread

At breakfast, take brown bread as a matter, of course, and chocolate rather than coffee. Strong coffee, however, with milk, may be conceded. Eat as little of the crumb of bread as possible. — *Gastronomy as a Fine Art*.

Perfect yeast, quick and strong, and so sweet and tasteless that no harm can result from using it plentifully is the first requirement for making perfect bread and the quality of the flour is next to be taken into account. The flour is too generally made to bear all the blame of poor bakings. A good bread maker with good yeast can make better bread from second rate flour than a second-rate workman generally can from the finest. Yet in good hands the finest flour will produce rolls and loaves half as large again for their weight as those made of inferior flour. Shop bakers who have to count their profit by the number of loaves that a barrel of flour can be made to produce, know that several more loaves of the same weight, and of larger size, can be made from fine flour than from coarse, showing that the best takes up most water, and from the bread-

maker's point of view may be as cheap as the poor flour which costs less money.

The usual tests for flour do not generally amount to much in assisting the buyer. The miller's brand is his trade mark, and most of them try to keep up the quality of their best at an even degree of excellence. The brand is often the best guide.

If two or three samples of flour are placed in the hand side by side, and smoothed with a silver knife, the finest may be known by its greater freedom from bran. Yet when one sample is from red wheat, another from white, the appearances may be deceptive. White wheat does not make the whitest bread, in a general way. A handful of flour pressed in the hand, if good, will retain its shape, while coarse flour falls apart like sand. Yet the best flour newly ground will not answer to this test, and poor flour with age will.

Spring wheat flour may be white, but will not, unless in exceptional cases, make rolls and loaves of as good shape as winter wheat flour, they having a tendency to run out of shape, the dough being soft and sticky. It is winter wheat flour that makes the tall round handsome rolls and loaves.

Good flour is slow to go through the sieve, rolls up in balls and coats the sides. Poor flour passes through like buckwheat or meal.

Flour improves with keeping, especially in whiteness. It should have six months age before being used for fine rolls. Bakers sometime buy flour that has become caked in the barrels through long keeping, and mix portions of it with the newer flour to impart whiteness and strength.

It often improves the bread to mix two or three brands of flour together, particularly when one is older than the other. Spring wheat flour may be best worked off by having some old winter wheat flour to mix with it.

But this is all on the common assumption that good flour means fine, white flour, and the crowning glory of bread-making is to have bread snowy-white and delicate in taste and texture. A very large minority in our hotels, however, make known their preference for various kinds of bread of a coarser sort.

Graham flour should be the unbolted meal of wheat, but not only that, the wheat should be good plump grain, such as would make fine flour. Very often the appearance and handling is such that graham flour seems little else than bran and shorts, as if the thinnest wheat had been got rid of in that shape. In other samples the flour is made by taking seconds flour and mixing in an indefinite amount

of bran, defrauding the consumer of the finest portion of the flour altogether. The best remedy is to buy such flour only of a reputable miller who makes it a special care to select good wheat—generally white wheat—for the purpose. Another remedy is supplied by the proportions of the following receipts.

517. Graham Bread.

A standing article on the bill of fare of most hotels.
2 pounds of graham flour, not sifted.

1 pound of white flour.

1½ pints of warm water.

½ pint of yeast. (1 cup).

1 teaspoonful of salt.

Commence 7 or 8 hours before time to bake. Mix the yeast and water together; strain them into the graham. It makes a stiff batter. That is the sponge. Let it stand in a moderately warm place about 4 hours. Then add the white flour, knead and pound the dough. Very slightly grease the pan it was started in, place the lump of dough in it, brush that over—no matter how slightly—with the butter brush and set to rise 2 hours more. Then make into loaves, rise and bake.

Graham dough rises faster than white, and after being made into loaves should not be allowed to rise or proof too much, lest it be too crumbly to slice well. The bakers usually bake these in round moulds.

Taking fine French rolls for the standard, graham rolls enjoy a degree of popularity in hotel service averaging about three to five. They are more difficult to make—or at least to bake—and a fine graham roll is not to be met with everywhere. They don't all know how to make them as nice as these.

518. Graham Rolls.

This is for fifty rolls of small size.

2 pounds of graham, not sifted.

1 pound of white flour.

1½ pints of warm water.

½ pint of yeast.

½ cup of reboiled molasses.

1 egg—2 whites are better.

1 teaspoonful of salt.

Set sponge with the graham at 9 or 10 in the morning, for rolls for supper; at about 1 add all the other ingredients and make it stiff dough. Let rise till 4. Then work the dough by spreading it out on the table, with the knuckles, folding over and pressing again repeatedly. Make into rolls in any of the ways to be hereinafter detailed for white rolls. Grease slightly between each one with a brush dipped in melted lard or butter. Brush over the tops with the same, and set the rolls to rise

about 45 minutes. Bake carefully about 15 minutes. Brush over with clear water on taking them from the oven. Keep hot without drying out.

There is philosophy or something like it in that one egg. It closes the pores in the crust and retains the air of fermentation that otherwise would escape from the rough graham flour, and the result is increased lightness, softness, and better shape. No shortening should be allowed in the mixture.

Such is the force of habit or custom, one must not expect to be accounted the best breadmaker in the world if our graham and brown breads be not brown, and our gingerbread be not "old-fashioned," that is dark colored. Graham rolls are expected to be light-brown in color. They don't look natural otherwise; they are nicer so and not so likely to be taken for second-rate French rolls. But now that the march of civilization has taken away our old-fashioned black molasses and given us colorless Illinois sorghum syrup instead, it is hard to see what else we can do but use a spoonful of burnt sugar caramel for coloring, else our brown breads cannot possibly be brown.

The trifle of sweetening called for in graham rolls makes the crust thin and soft.

It is far better to set the sponge with the graham so as to soak and soften the bran, instead of taking up white bread sponge and working stiff with graham, as is oftenest done "for short." Best bread-makers in the world use themselves to the right ways from the first.

Pastrycooks do not and need not measure the flour. They measure the three-fourths water and one-fourth yeast, and add all the flour needed to make dough. A cup, or half pint of fluid wets a pound of flour.

It is immaterial whether the dough be made by setting sponge, or batter with yeast in it, as previously directed, or all the ingredients put in a pan and mixed up at once. At night the latter way has to be adopted. The dough made by the receipt for graham rolls over night can be used part for loaves and part for muffins by the following short and easy method.

519. Graham Muffins.

Makes about thirty.

2 pounds of graham roll dough.

2 ounces of butter.

2 ounces (a bastingspoonful) of molasses.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk.

2 whole eggs and 2 yolks.

Take the dough that has been already prepared for making rolls. Warm it and the butter in a pan together. Put in the other ingredients and beat all together about 5 minutes. Grease tin muffin rings or gem pans. Half fill them. Rise half an hour. Bake 10 minutes. Brush over with butter or hot water. But if you have no light dough made the muffins can be set from the beginning with:

1 pound graham; $\frac{1}{2}$ pound white flour; $\frac{3}{4}$ pint milk; 1 cup yeast; salt, molasses, eggs, butter, as in foregoing receipt. Mix and let rise 4 hours. Beat 5 minutes, rise in rings till light, then bake.

Many of the people in poor health who frequent the springs and pleasure places for recuperation are extremely critical in the matter of such hygienic articles of diet as graham rolls and gems, and all the hints here given will be found useful in the endeavor to meet their requirements.

520. Graham Gems.

Made with Baking Powder.

1 quart of unsifted graham.

1 quart of white flour.

4 spoonfuls of baking powder.

3 large cups of milk.

1 egg. Salt.

2 ounces of lard melted.

Have the milk tepid and mix the lard and egg in it; the powder and small teaspoon of salt to be mixed in the flour. Stir all together and beat for 3 minutes. Have the iron gem pans hot; drop in round spoonfuls of the fritter-like batter and bake ten minutes.

As it is none of our business to decide which are the very best gems, here is another receipt to be tried when the sameness of the foregoing has become wearisome:

2 pounds of graham; 2 eggs; 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 2 basing spoonfuls of syrup; small teaspoonful of salt; $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint's of milk or water. Beat all to a stiff batter. Make the gem pans hot and grease them. Drop in spoonfuls. Bake in slow oven 15 minutes.

521. Graham Biscuit.

2 quarts unsifted graham.

1 quart flour.

2 ounces lard.

1 egg in the milk, (optional). Salt.

4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Milk or water to make soft dough.

An hotel pastry cook and baker who had grown ashamed of himself, once told me that for years he went from one hotel to another, as pastry cooks do, and always finding the people earnestly wished for Boston Brown Bread, he as earnestly protested that it could not be made unless there was a brick oven in which to bake it 8 hours, and as only about one in fifty of American hotels own a brick oven this usually ended the argument.

And yet here and there would be some little house enjoying quite a reputation and a run of custom because of its much beloved Boston brown, or it might be only rye-and-injun, hot for breakfast or supper, or for Sunday mornings especially. No matter how, but as he grew wiser and older this pastry cook found the brick oven was by no means an article indispensable, and Boston brown that was a thousand times pronounced all that could be wished, he made by the following described methods.

522. Boston Brown Bread.

Raised with Yeast.

- 1 quart of corn meal.
- 1 quart of graham.
- 1 quart rye flour.
- 1 quart white flour.
- 1 quart of boiling water.
- 1 pint of yeast.
- 1 small cup of molasses.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of burnt sugar coloring.

The method here recommended is materially different from the common troublesome process; first, because troublesome processes cannot and will not be carried out in hotels doing good business and secondly, because this way produces as good results as if one sat up all night about it.

Scald the meal by itself first, by pouring the boiling water on and stirring in a pan. Then add molasses, salt, caramel. If still hot, let it stand awhile before adding anything else. When only milk warm strain in the yeast, then mix in the graham and rye and the white flour last. The dough will be like graham dough and can be worked on the table. Part of the white flour should be left over to dust with. After a little kneading, slightly grease the pan it was mixed in, place the dough in it, cover with a cloth and let rise moderately warm about 6 hours. Turn on the table, knead a little, make into 4 or 5 loaves, place in round moulds or pails, let rise about half an hour or an hour if to be baked instead of steamed.

By this method no sponge is set, but the dough is mixed up stiff at once—care being taken not to let the yeast get scalded in the hot meal—greatly lessening the trouble. If commenced in the middle of the day the loaves will be ready for the oven after the

rolls at night, and should be baked two or three hours at very moderate heat. Or, mixed at night and made into loaves very early the bread may be baked in time for breakfast. But the best way is this:

Make up the dough as directed, at 7 in the morning. Work and make into loaves at 12 or 1. After rising one-half hour set the iron pails containing the loaves in the steam-chest, or in a boiler with water, and steam in this way till 5.30. Then bake one-half hour and serve hot for supper, the remainder answering for cold bread to toast.

When these loaves become hollow in the top it is because of too much rising or proof in the pails. Steaming does not arrest fermentation quick enough and they get too light and fall.

The foregoing is one way that requires good yeast. The next is shorter still and takes baking powder instead. It is hard to say which is the better. You can be happy with either.

523. Steamed Brown Bread.

Made with Baking Powder.

- 2 pounds of corn meal.
- 1 quart of boiling water.
- 1 cupful of dark molasses.
- 1 pint of cold milk or water.
- 1 teaspoonful of salt.
- 6 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
- 1 pound of graham.
- 1 pound of white flour.

Scald the meal with the boiling water. Add the molasses and then rest of the ingredients—the powder being mixed in the flour. Beat up thoroughly. It makes soft dough. Put it in 2 or 3 iron pails having lids and steam 5 hours or more, then bake about 20 minutes.

Hotel providers who would have brown bread by these easy methods always, need to provide a set of pails that will stand baking, having bales and lids. They should last for years and require to be made of the best Russia iron, as these properly cared for, greased while hot and wiped out, never discolor the bread. 5 inches across, 8 inches deep.

524. Rye and Indian.

No different method is needed but to change the ingredients of Boston Brown so as to leave out the graham and the flour and double the proportions of meal and rye in their place.

Bakers' rye loaves are made by the same method as French loaves, and will be found in that connection at a subsequent page.

The Best White Bread and How to Make it.

525.

Archestratus, a friend of one of Pericles' sons; * * this great writer, during his travels, did not make inquiring into the manners of nations, since they always remain the same, but going into the laboratories where the delicacies of the table are prepared, he only held intercourse with those who could advance his pleasures.—*Philosophical History of Cookery*.

The ardent dietetic morality which extolled the bread that was coarsest, brownest, stalest and most truly home-made, and caused fine white and fresh bread to be swallowed as if it were a sin against nature, is classed among the "Isms of forty years ago" in one of the January magazines. Dr. Sylvester Graham of Connecticut, started the reform, which, running to great lengths at first, has resulted, in the long run, in a happy mean, a modification, and greater variety in the popular bill of fare. The people in great numbers, who find the white rolls and bread irresistible may reap satisfaction from finding so eminent an authority as the author of "Gastronomy" in their favor. His prescription, the groundwork of his cure for thinness, for "a young sylph, or other airy creature, who wishes to assume a more material form" is "first of all, make it a general rule to eat nothing but newly-baked bread, especially the crumb, and plenty of it." And he had studied such matters all his life. But as there are dinners and dinners,—so Cardinal Richelieu remarks to his major domo, meaning that some are very bad,—so it should be said about bread. The rolls of Limet, of Rue de Richelieu, could not hurt anybody.

526.

On one occasion the writer was called upon as a probably competent judge to pass opinion on the work of one of the reputed very best bread makers. There is a dubious kind of excellence in this line as in everything else that does not feel able to stand alone but always wants somebody to keep saying it excels. Such was the case here. The bread was extremely fine, yet, I venture to say the people did not enjoy it except to look at, and felt that some essential quality was lacking. It was white as chalk and a good deal like it; fine-grained as delicate cake, but had no toughness nor elasticity and crumbled when broken, like meal. It had a sweetish insipidity of taste, instead of the hearty relishing wheat flavor of good bread. It was made so by an immense amount of *kneading the wrong way*.

These people did not invite instruction nor criticism, only praise. I said the bread was superlatively fine, and the lady was one of the best breadmakers in the world. That the bread was not good was a mental reservation. We all frequently make bread that is fine but not good, and they that have such for their regular diet sometimes find in a loaf of

common bakers' bread a new revelation of how sweet the taste of bread can be, and wonder whence springs the difference. It is not what the bakers put in the bread but the proper method of working.

Just the other day a magazinist spoke of good bread making as a lost art. A figure of speech, perhaps, or else the opinion of a lover of good bread whose experiences have been bad; but if there be any grounds for such an idea to rest on the cause may be found in the unwillingness of instructors in cookery to properly dwell upon so seemingly simple and self-evident a matter as the proper way of kneading dough. And very recently another intimated how many persons accustomed to "biscuit streaked with saleratus and heavy with lard, regard rolls white and light as newly-fallen snow as something belonging to the households of princes, to the King of France's Kitchen, but not to be freely eaten by common folks." Now it is cheaper to have good bread than bad, and the bare formula for making it being so little and the understanding how so much, we are going to do our best to endeavor to draw attention to what the knack of making bread both good and fine consists in—yeast and flour being good to begin with.

It took one, otherwise excellent, pastry cook ten years to discover this knack for himself, but he was all the while the worst mystified man imaginable, because he had, when a boy, made rolls that people would eat in preference to anything else, while now every other kind of bread was preferred to his hand-somest rolls. The fault with them was the same as with the lady's fine, brittle and tasteless bread already spoken of.

This man had been shown how to work in a routine way in a large bakery without ever being impressed with any idea of the particular way being essential to good quality, and when, afterwards, in a French kitchen where ornamentation was run to the extreme at the expense often of good flavor, he exercised his ingenuity till he could make rolls in forty different fancy shapes, he found, after all, they were in little demand. He worked all the life out of the dough in making it into curliques. Then in a busy time a very common fellow came along and was set to make the rolls. He was too common even to have a name except a familiar Tom, Dick, or Harry and was quite unconconscious that the rolls he made were the first that had ever been eaten with a real zest and favored with a constantly increasing demand in that house. But after that the fancy breads were neglected and there was less cry for toast. Even the "help"—excellent judges of what is good, although discretely silent—would steal the new man's rolls out of the corners of the pans as they passed—a thing never known to be done before, as long as a biscuit could be had.

And all the difference was in two different ways of working the same materials. The superiority of the common fellow's rolls and bread was all owing to his kneading the dough the right way.

527. Common Bread Dough.

As a rule use one-fourth yeast to three-fourths water.

The good potato yeast with no germs of sourness in it, such as we have already directed how to make, does no harm in still larger proportions when the weather is cold or time of mixing late. But the whitest bread is made when the dough can have long time to rise, not hurried up.

1 pint of yeast.

3 pints of warm water.

1 heaping tablespoonful of salt.

8 pounds of flour.

Makes 8 loaves of convenient size.

528. Setting Sponge.

Strain the yeast and water into a pan and mix in half the flour. Beat the batter thus made thoroughly. Scrape down the sides of the pan. Pour a spoonful of melted lard on top and spread it with the back of the fingers. This is to prevent a crust forming on top. Cover with a cloth and set the sponge in a moderately warm place to rise 4 or 5 hours.

529. Making up the Dough.

The sponge having been set at 8 in the morning, beat it again about one, add the salt and make up stiff dough with the rest of the flour. Knead the dough on the table, alternately drawing it up in round shape and pressing the pulled-over edges into the middle and then pressing it out to a flat sheet, folding over and pressing out again.

Brush the clean scraped pan over with the least touch of melted lard or butter—which prevents sticking and waste of dough—place the dough in and brush that over, too. Where economy reigns the strictest a little warm water in a cup, and teaspoonful of lard melted in it will do for this brushing over and insures the truest saving and smoothest bread. Let the dough rise till 4.

530.

The Important Ten Minutes Kneading

At about 4 o'clock spread the dough on the table by pressing out with the knuckles till it is a thin uneven sheet. Double it over on itself and press the two edges together all around first. This imprisons air in the knuckle holes in large masses. Then pound and press the dough with the fists till it has become a thin sheet again, with the inclosed

air distributed in bubbles all through it. Fold over and repeat this process several times. Then roll it up. It will be

LIKE AN AIR CUSHION.

Let it stand a few minutes before making into plain rolls, cleft rolls, or loaves.

Making Dough at Night.

It would be a great hardship and in most cases impracticable to make the night dough by the sponge method, although the shop bakers do so, and work it in the middle of the night. Quite as good bread can be made by mixing up into stiff dough at first, provided proper precautions be observed. The danger is of too much fermentation, the dough being ready to bake hours before the time. When a sponge is set the fresh flour added to it hours after checks fermentation, but when all the flour is wetted at once, there is no check except the coolness of night keeps it back. In summer the dough may be mixed up with ice water instead of warm, at any time after supper and fermentation will not begin for some time after, while the flour is becoming whiter all the time for being so long in the dough state.

How Much Kneading.

Small quantities of dough can be easily injured by too much kneading. The true plan is to keep kneading till its India rubber-like toughness causes it to begin to break instead of spread out. Then stop and let it lose its springiness before kneading again.

531. Premium Family Bread.

To have bread superlatively white and fine grained and good besides, put the dough through the preceding described kneading process three or four times half an hour apart. The dough made up stiff over night should be kneaded at 4 in the morning and again an hour after, in order to make good rolls for breakfast. This helps to make up for the loss of the thorough beatings of the sponge when the sponge method is practiced.

532. Cooks and Bakers.

"Why, good heavens! we have lost our way. But what a delightful smell there is here of hot bread, Andree."

"That is by no means surprising," replied the other, "for we are close to the door of a baker's shop."—*Dumas*.

Anciently,—we read in Roman antiquities—the cook and baker were one. In the hotel work of the present the same rule holds. This little book recognizes a distinction between the hotel baker or pastry-cook and the shop baker. The latter seldom does well when he tries hotel work. The hotel pastry-

cook going into a bakery generally makes the goods richer than shop rules and profits will allow. This book applying to hotel ways pursues a new path and is necessarily a little at variance with baker's methods. If it were a baker's routine we should have to describe three bucket sponges or ten bucket sponges; and when the baker makes up his dough he adds to his three bucket sponge about as much more warm water.

This plan of adding more liquid to the sponge is commendable for checking too rapid fermentation—best way when loaf bread only is to be made, but not for rolls or fancy breads. The bakers' ways are referred to for illustrations for comparison chiefly.

The essential points in bread making are the same whether in shops, hotel kitchens, or private houses. When to the baker's proper ways of working, we in hotels add the small amount of enriching ingredients which they do not need and cannot afford in their larger operations, we produce the extra fine rolls and extra bread, having which people think they can almost dispense with everything else.

The lump of dough already prepared, smooth and like an air cushion, lies in layers or flakes, and it is another part of the art of good bread making not to disturb them much in making up. It might be hard to explain why this stringy texture preserved in the loaves should make a difference in the taste, but it is plain it does, and in this lies the desirableness of what are known as French loaves.

533. Baker's Cleft Rolls.

Petits Pains.

Take a portion of the dough flat as it lies and without working it at all, spread it with hands and rolling-pin to a sheet less than an inch thick. Cut this into $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch squares. Take two opposite corners and press them into the middle, making long cushion shapes with pointed ends. Place them smooth side up on baking pans with plenty of room between. Brush over with water. Let rise nearly an hour. Just before putting in the oven cut them lengthwise with a down stroke so as to nearly divide the two halves. Bake in a hot oven about ten minutes.

534. Baker's French Loaves.

The same as the preceding, of larger size. Cut the entire piece of dough in about 10 pieces. Flatten out without kneading. Bring two opposite corners together and press them into the middle and press the loaf sides together in long, pointed shape. Then there are two ways of proceeding.

1. Place each loaf with the smooth side down in a flowered napkin or piece of clean flour sack and set them to rise an hour that way, in a deep pan or box, just touching. The oven being ready, turn the loaf right side up on to the peel, cut it lengthwise down nearly to the bottom, and slip it to its place on the oven bottom.

2. The above plan not being convenient to practice, make the loaves as before and place them right side up in the usual hotel baking pans, brush over with water, rise, cut as before, and bake in the pans. There should be plenty of room between. Brush with water again when done.

The bakers pursue a method so laborious in making their flaky, stringy French loaves as would forever deter weakly people from trying, if it were the only way. But in this case knowledge is literally power. The dough carefully kneaded on the table in the way that has been directed reaches the same condition as if it had been worked in a trough with water with an immense expenditure of strength.

535. Hotel Loaves.

The crusty cleft loaves not being suitable to slice for the table, nor for toast, we make of the same dough slightly worked, a better sort. Cut the dough in eight pieces and mould them up round, but not enough to destroy the texture—only from 6 to 12 turns. Let stand on the table a few minutes. Press them out like dinner plates. Bring over two opposite edges and press them into the middle and place the long loaves side by side in the pans.

To Prevent Splitting at the Ends.

It is curious to observe that the simple way of folding the loaf just described prevents splitting open at the ends in baking, while one more folding in of the other two sides has often the opposite effect and causes much waste of bread that cannot be sliced.

It makes a thin crust to bread and the loaves to part clean and even if they are brushed over with a touch of melted lard when placed in the pans.

536. Plain Rolls.

Mould the dough into little round balls and place them just touching in the pans, slightly greased between. Rise an hour; bake 20 minutes; brush over with water when done. Keep hot without drying out or sweating the bottom on the iron pan.

We shall come to the more delicate sorts of rolls further on.

537. Baker's Milk Bread.

Make up the sponge and dough for this the same as for common bread, but use sweet milk instead of water. Its merit is its whiteness, fine grain, and sweetness of taste like French rolls. There are three essential points to be observed.

1. Beat the sponge and dough extremely well, only adding the flour gradually and beating it in.

2. Have the dough as soft as it is possible to knead it well, too soft to keep good shape as loaves apart, and bake the loaves in tin moulds.

3. Put it in to bake after the rolls come out. As it must be of light color outside and browns too easily it can only have a slack oven to bake in. Brush over the loaves with milk when done.

538. Rye Bread.

The proper method with rye bread is the same as with French loaves, that is, the dough is to be worked in layers and nothing added but salt to the yeast and water; the dough made up rather stiff to keep good shape, and when the loaves are put in the oven, instead of a long downward cut merely score the rye loaves across diagonally three or four times.

But for hotel use, where there is no brick oven, it does as well or better to make long loaves in pans as already directed for ordinary hotel bread.

539. Some Cheap and Good Varieties of Sweet Breads.

There is old Lindsay of Pittscottie ready at my elbow, with his Athole hunting, and his "lofted and joisted palace of green timber; with all kind of drink to be had in burg and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadell, ma vaise, hippocras, and aquavita; *with wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread*, beef, mutton, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock, pawns, black-cock, muir-fowl and caper-cailzie; not forgetting the excellling stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confecti-
ons and drugs for desserts."—*Old author quoted by Scott—Waverly.*

We had dinner—where by the way, and even at breakfast as well as supper at the public houses on the road, the front rank is composed of various kinds of "sweet cakes," in a continuous line from one end of the table to the other. I think I may safely say that there was a row of ten or a dozen plates set before us two here. To account for which, they say that when the lumberers come out of the woods, they have a craving for cakes and pies and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown. And these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money's worth. No doubt the balance of victuals is restored by the time they reach Bangor—Matrawamkeag takes off the keen edge.—*Thoreau—The Maine Woods.*

So it appears from these extracts "ginge-bread" has been thought worthy to be mentioned in place in the grandest kind of a feast, and there are places

where all sorts of sweet cakes are eaten with a hearty relish.

We who have to serve such kinds side by side with hot French rolls need such assurances as the above—seeing our sweet breads and cakes come back again neglected. The simpler kinds of sweetened breads and good ginger bread seem to be more acceptable in the ordinary hotel where the "balance of victuals" is always nicely adjusted, than the richer sorts yet to come.

540. German Baker's Coffee Cake.

4 pounds of light bread dough.

8 ounces of sugar.

8 ounces of butter or lard.

1 egg. (Not essential.)

Take the dough at noon and mix in the ingredients all slightly warm. Knead it on the table with flour sufficient. Set to rise until 4 o'clock. Knead it again by spreading it out on the table with the knuckles, folding over and repeating. Roll it out to sheets scarcely thicker than a pencil, place on baking pans, brush over with either water or melted lard, or milk. Rise about an hour. Score the cakes with a knife point as you put them in the oven to prevent the crust puffing up. Bake about 15 minutes.

One of the attractions of this plain cake is the powdered cinnamon and sugar sifted on top after baking, the cake being first brushed with sugar and water. Cut in squares and serve hot.

The foregoing makes a sheet of cake large enough to cover a stove top.

541. Pic-Nic Bread.

Another form of the coffee cake, cheap and good for school pic-nics and the like, and for sale.

Mix a few raisins or currants in the German coffee cake dough. Roll out pieces to the size of dessert plates and half inch thick, brush over with a little melted lard, double them over like large split rolls. Rise and bake like bread, and brush over with a mixture of water, egg, and sugar.

542. Currant Buns—Chelsea Buns. Washington Buns.

Hot for supper. No eggs required. Favorite sort and quickly made. This makes 45.

4 pounds of light bread dough.

8 ounces of currants.

8 ounces of softened butter.

8 ounces of sugar.

It is soon enough to begin these 2 hours before supper. Take the dough from the rolls at say 4 o'clock. Spread it out, strew the currants over and knead them in. Roll out the dough to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch sheet.

Spread the butter evenly over it and the sugar on top of that. Cut in bands about as wide as your hand. Roll them up like roly-poly puddings. Brush these long rolls all over slightly with a little melted lard so that the buns will not stick together in the pans. Then cut off in pieces about an inch thick. Place flat in a buttered pan, touching but not crowded. Rise nearly an hour. Bake 15 minutes. Brush over with sugar and water. Dredge sugar and cinnamon over.

543.

Common Rusk, or Buns without Eggs.

- 4 pounds of light bread dough.
- 6 ounces of butter or lard,
- 8 ounces of sugar.
- 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon extract.

Take the dough at about noon and work in the other ingredients. Let stand an hour, then knead thoroughly. At 4 o'clock knead again, mould into round balls, grease between each one as you place them in the pans. Rise an hour, bake 20 minutes. Placed close together in the pans they are the ordinary sweet rusks. Set some distance apart they are round flat buns; may be sugared on top and have currants or carraway seeds mixed in the dough. The richer French varieties will be found further on.

544. Yeast-Raised Gingerbread.

- 4 pounds of good light bread dough.
 - 1½ pounds of dark molasses.
 - 12 ounces of butter or lard.
 - 1 tablespoonful of ground ginger.
 - Little cinnamon, or other spice.
 - Flour to work up to soft dough.
- An egg or two does not hurt it. Make up by the coffee cake directions. Dredge granulated sugar over the top when done. Good for supper, hot.

Speaking of gingerbread, however, the next, although not made with bread dough, is the best sort yet discovered for hotel suppers. Gingerbread is inclined to be tricky and uncertain, or more properly speaking, sticky and uneatable, if not made with care. Too much molasses or too much soda or powder are usually the faults. This can be made with buttermilk and soda if desired.

545. Sponge Gingerbread.

- Sometimes called black cake and spice cake,
- 1 pound of molasses.
- 6 ounces of sugar.
- 8 ounces of butter, melted.
- 1 pint of milk.
- 6 eggs.
- 1 ounce of ginger.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

2 pounds of flour.

Melt the butter in the milk made warm, and pour them into the molasses and sugar, mix, add the eggs, the ginger and powder and lastly the flour.

It is a great improvement to beat the cake thoroughly with a spoon. It is too soft to be handled. Spread it an inch thick in a buttered pan or mould. Bake 20 or 20 minutes.

Spices instead of ginger in the above for spice cake.

Cooks have to remember that this is a cold unfeeling world, that wants its gingerbread dark brown, and will blame the cook for not knowing how, and not the molasses, if it be not the orthodox "old fashioned" color. Whenever the public shall have become educated up to the point of eating gingerbread nearly white or only light yellow then we can dispense with doctoring; meantime color your refined sorghum syrup with burnt sugar to imitate the black molasses of our mothers.

546.

"Old Fashioned" Gingerbread.

- 1½ pounds of molasses.
- 8 ounces of butter or lard.
- 3 eggs.
- 1 ounce of ground ginger.
- 1 teaspoonful of soda, large.
- 2 pounds of flour.
- 1 pint of hot water.
- Salt when lard is used.

Melt the butter and stir it into the molasses and then the eggs, ginger and soda.

The mixture begins to foam up. Then stir in the flour, and lastly the hot water, a little at a time. Bake in a shallow pan.

The three varieties preceding do well as small cakes, baked in patty pans or gem pans. The next, besides doing for sheet gingerbread, can also be made into the plainest ginger cookies. Need brushing over with milk to look well. Sugar or comfits may be dredged on top.

547.

Soft Gingerbread without Eggs.

- 1 pound of molasses.
- 6 ounces of sugar.
- 1 pint of milk.
- 8 ounces of butter.
- 1 tablespoonful of ground ginger.
- 1 teaspoonful soda and same of baking powder.
- 4 pounds of flour.

Warm the butter with the sugar and molasses and beat up about 5 minutes. Mix in the soda and all the rest of ingredients.

It makes dough that can be rolled out and baked on pans.

However, it is easy enough to make ginger cakes. But the baking of them—"aye, there's the rub!" There are cooks who, while the range is hot, cooking supper, can bake gingerbread of a nice light color without burn, gall, or bitterness, but—

548. English Tea Cakes.

2 pounds of light bread dough.

12 ounces of sugar.

12 ounces of butter.

4 eggs.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of flour to work in.

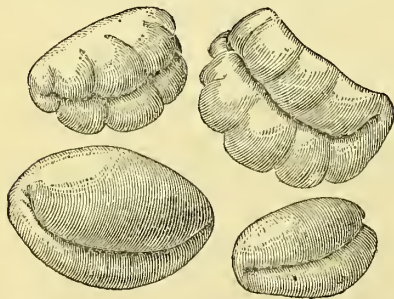
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of currants.

Takes about 5 hours time. Mix all the ingredients with the dough in the middle of the day. Let rise till 4. Then beat the dough well with a spoon—it is a little too soft to handle—and spread it thin on buttered pie plates. Rise about an hour. Bake, and split open and butter them.

One teaspoonful of carraway seeds will suit better than the currants in some countries. Where the children have been raised on "Abernethy biscuits," to wit; and know what carraway seeds are. In contrary situations it hurts a house, and the cook's sensibilities to have people picking the seeds out, thinking they are dirt.

549. Hotel "French Rolls"

An Inquiry into their Origin.



Dishes worthy of special attention had their name and quality ceremoniously proclaimed.—*Philosophical History of Cookery*.

An uncommon dish was introduced to the sound of the flute, and the servants were crowned with flowers. In the time of supper the guests were entertained with music and dancing, * * * but the more sober had only persons to read or repeat select passages from books.—*Roman Antiquities*.

The kinds of rolls shown in the cut, which are understood to be *par excellence* French rolls, are of chief interest to us in hotels, for the two reasons that everybody likes them—most potent consideration

where the aim and end of all endeavor is to please—and that they, at least, appear to be of American origin.

I said as much once to an old and educated Italian cook who had been a great traveler, but he smiled:—"America is too young to have any cookery of her own; you can find a foreign origin for every dish you have. I remember seeing such rolls as those on the tables at restaurants and *cafés* in Europe, when a boy, over fifty years ago." Yet at last this was but a conjecture. He could not be sure that what he saw were not the baker's cleft rolls mentioned some pages back, and which have no great merit over ordinary baker's bread. One of the best American domestic cook-books also mentions "the cleft rolls which we so often find on the tables of the city restaurants." And we still remain in ignorance, even if they prove the same, whether they may not have been presented by America to Europe at first. The name, French roll, may be but an American application, as if it had been taken for granted that whatever is admirable in cookery must be French. It is the popular understanding of a split roll or pocket-book shape that can be pulled open hot, and admits a lump of butter within its melting clasp, but never so far as I can find out has been described in any but American books and those domestic.

The earliest dated mention of French rolls I have met with in the merely cursory search which such a minor matter justifies, is the following, recently republished in the *REPORTER* from "Forney's Progress":

* * * * "A public resort known as Spring Garden. The hotel attached to the premises was situated on the late site of the Museum, at the corner of Ann street, (New York). In 1760 I find the advertisement of John Elkin, its proprietor, offering to the public, 'breakfast from 7 to 9; tea in the afternoon from 3 to 6; the best of green tea and *hot French rolls*, pies and tarts drawn from 7 to 9; mead and cakes.'"

This shows that *French rolls* were "the thing" at a date even anterior to the culminating period of modern French cookery, before the revolution.

But the French rolls of that advertisement; of the quotation from Savarin at the opening of this book, of the quotation from Bulwer at the head of the next division—the French rolls of the tradespeople who buy them hot for breakfast of the bakers in all the European towns are only little round loaves—crowded into the pans so that they rise to a tall shape, and taken from the oven at intervals, kept smoking hot under green baize covers—made a trifle richer than ordinary bakers' bread. The split roll shown in the picture is in all likelihood an American improvement.

In "Quentin Durivard" (chap. iv) Sir Walter Scott gives the most explicit information in this re-

gard. At the breakfast—"There was a delicate ragout, with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love and Scottishmen do not hate. There was the most exquisite white bread, made into little round loaves called *boules*, (whence the bakers took their French name Boulangers) of which the crust was so inviting that, even with water alone it would have been a delicacy. But the water was not alone."

The probability that split rolls are an American improvement is strengthened by the apparent absence of any mention of them in the best foreign cook books. Seeing how suitable the shape shown in the cut is for sandwiches one would have expected Jules Gouffe (about 1860) to adopt it instead of this circumstantial direction for "rolls with foie-gras;" he says, "Take 24 small French rolls of an oval shape, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$, rasp the rolls and sit them open lengthwise without separating them entirely." The *Cuisine Classique* directs much the same way, to cut off the tops of roll and brioche, (sort of butter rolls) and remove the inside crumb, for sandwiches and timbales. So also the "Modern Cook," (1840) and, later, "Model Cookery," which only directs to make French rolls in long shapes placed side by side. A number of lesser works either ignore French rolls altogether or treat the making up in round balls as a matter of course.

On the contrary, the writer of these lines worked with a man, A. Nelson by name, making both the shapes shown, as far back as 1850, on one of the old-time, high-living floating palaces of New Orleans, and found them then as ever since the most popular of all. The man's home was at Nashville, Tenn. Judging from his age and experience and his unconsciousness of there being any novelty in this sort of rolls it seems fair to assume that he had been used to them for ten or fifteen years before. Some four or five years after I saw the same in Cincinnati and Evansville, under the name of Parker House rolls. Since then in numerous American publications they may be found called by those and other names—Tremont House rolls for one.

Mr. Charles Wood, for an ordinary lifetime baker at the Tremont House, Boston, drawn out in reply to a newspaper paragraph crediting him with the origination of *French* rolls in this country—meaning the split rolls shown in the cut—only dates back the making of his pattern about twenty-six years, and explains that Mr. Paron Stevens required him to make rolls like some he had seen on a European tour. Mr. Wood does not in his published letter say that the rolls he produced were the same as the European, but only that after several months trial he produced what satisfied Mr. Paron Stevens—who may still have had in mind the French *bricote*, or even the

cleft rolls whose texture is in flakes and coils, and their merit being individual loaves.

It appears that the general hotel and traveler's understanding of the term is by no means universal. Let us make rolls French, according to the European understanding, and never so good, if they be round, tall, oval, oblong or twisted, some person will send them back, and looking at the bill-of fare will say bring him some *French* rolls. And another great lover of bread will say, "these are all very well, but you ought to see the *French* rolls they have at—" some other house. Nevertheless a letter from Russia published in the REPORTER two years ago remarked how much better the delicate soft rolls there were "than the French, which are nearly all crust."

These Russian rolls were doubtless the same as our "French." Puzzled by these diverse ideas I wrote to the Royal Baking Powder Co., who had exhibited the making of "Vienna Rolls" with powder at the Centennial, in Philadelphia, and the president kindly answered with drawings showing for French rolls, the cleft crusty loaves of the bakers—directions for making which have already been given at length—and their Vienna rolls were in shape like those, plain ones, in our picture. There is a remark in one of the higher-class cook-books recently published, that hot breads for breakfast and supper are but little used except in the West. Accordingly our hotel French rolls are not described in it at all. And yet the Parker and Tremont Houses are in the East, and Boston people everywhere are exhibiting their rolls to the heathen with pride. Are those Boston hotels to be regarded as deriving much of their fame from the introduction of this peculiar institution where before it was unknown? As an example of how a thing may have various names in different localities: Last year a Canadian hotel steward who went West and conducted a first-class house, well knew the merit and importance of fine rolls, yet so little acquainted with their usual name that he had them printed on his bill-of-fare "buns." So without really appearing on the bill at all, the split rolls experienced an increasing demand from three or four hundred to over eight hundred at a meal, and so it went till about the time the third batch of supper and breakfast bills were to be printed, when the pastrycook ventured to intimate that "buns" were very rarely called for, but the "no names"—the French rolls which did not appear at all upon the bill were having a tremendous run all the same. Then the name was printed right. It is not to be inferred that the hotel steward was ignorant, but only that these rolls were not familiarly known in the section whence he came.

Perhaps nine out of ten of the people outside the circulating intelligence of our hotels, if asked the

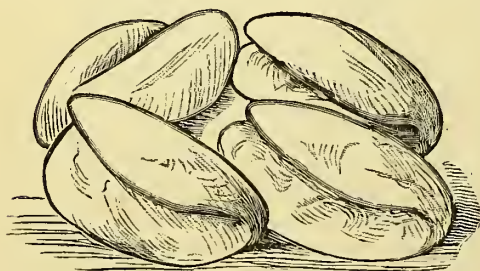
meaning of the term "pocket-book roll," would guess it to mean a roll of five and ten dollar bills—sometimes called greenbacks, and sometimes Spinnerisms. It is no such thing, but a roll just like those in our cut. It is a local domestic name for the hotel French roll. A Western author, Miss Farman, of Michigan, so describes it and the method of making, in the "Cooking Club of Tu-whit Hollow," in the children's *Wide Awake*, and speaks as if the appellation were one well known and understood among home folk, although so strange to our hotel bill-of-fare. However, it must be owned, our rolls are the more like a pocket-book, (with silk or satin covers) the better they are made; for there is more sense in having a somewhat flat shape, not too thick for a bite, than the taller form that is neither loaf nor slice.

Through all the foregoing, and many other considerations too tedious to mention, I have arrived at the *suppositions* that French rolls, as understood by commercial travelers and other hotel frequenters, are of American origin; that they were evolved out of the competition between Boston hotels; that they were first a specialty of the Parker House, that thence they spread rapidly to wherever there was good living, because the travelling people went bragging about them, and that they have found their way like pilgrims and strangers into the domestic world, contentedly taking any pet name that may have been thrust upon them. All of which is respectfully submitted.

550.

However that may prove to be, I would advise that rolls of any other shape be denominated on the bill-of-fare simply hot rolls, and the term French roll, in American hotels, should always be understood to mean a split roll like these shown.

French Rolls. Parker House, Tremont House, or Pocket-book Rolls.



Sacred heaven! what masticators! what bread!
—*Quentin Durward.*

"Well," said Mr. Copperas who, occupied in finishing the buttered cake, had hitherto kept silence, "I must be off. Tom,—I mean De Warens,—have you stopt the coach?"

"Yees, sir."

"And what coach is it?"

"It be the Swallow, sir."

"O, very well. And now Mr. Brown, having swallowed in the roll, I will e'en roll in the Swallow—Ha, ha, ha! At any rate," thought Mr. Copperas as he descended the stairs, "he has not heard that before."—*Bulwer—The Disowned.*

Perhaps we, behind the scenes in hotels, take different views of what is important, from the majority of people. With the matter in hand, for instance. Individuals, or a family, may never even see a hot roll on their table, and yet never realize how unfortunate they are. The "sour grapes" philosophy may help them, and they believe hot rolls are not wholesome, anyway. It is really of no consequence in isolated cases. But when a whole hotel full of people show a decided liking for rolls, so that they could not well enjoy a meal without, does not the increased size of the matter justify our case? There are lean times, too, in hotels, when the meat is poor, game out of market and spring lamb not come in; when poultry almost disappears and oysters are no more; neither choice vegetables nor new fruits have arrived. Then the regulars grow discontented and seek new pasture—at the restaurants where sliced baker's bread is set before them—at the opposition hotel where, whatever else they may try to have, the rolls are unwholesome wads of dough, or dry and unpalatable biscuits and grimy cakes. Then the regulars return to their proper homes like good boys, and say it is all very well over there, but they don't have good rolls—and with such rolls as these they can almost dispense with everything else. In such cases may not the pastry-cook claim a right to loom up tall and exalt his trade?

551.

French Rolls.

For about 60 split rolls.

3 large cups of water or milk.

1 large cup of yeast.

1 ounce of salt. (A heaping tablespoon.)

2 ounces of sugar.

2 ounces of lard or butter.

4 pounds of flour.

Set sponge at 8 in the morning with half the flour.

At 12 or 1 add all the enriching ingredients and work up stiff.

All the detailed instructions for making the dough and kneading it the right way have been given already under the head of common bread.

After the 4 o'clock kneading proceed to make the dough into rolls.

Persons in practice find it quickest to pull off pieces of dough of right size and mould them up instantly.

1. Others cut off strips of dough, roll them in lengths and cut these up in roll sizes.

2. Mould them up round with no flour on the board and only a dust on the hands, and place them

in regular rows on the table—the smoothest side down.

3. Take a little rolling pin—it looks like a piece of new broom handle—and roll a depression across the middle of each, as in the cut.

4. Brush these over with the least possible melted lard or butter, using a tin-bound varnish brush for the purpose.

5. Double the rolls, the two buttered sides together as seen in the cut below, and place them in the pans diagonally, with plenty of room so they will not touch.



6. Brush over the tops of the rolls in the pans with the least possible melted lard again and set them to rise about an hour—less or more according to temperature.

7. Bake in a hot oven, about 10 minutes. Brush over with clear water when done.

Keep baking at short intervals and keep hot without drying out.

The particular feature of these rolls, it is seen, is the folded shape, allowing them to be opened when done, and this is the result of brushing over with butter. Rolls placed close together in pans will part clean and entirely separate wherever they have been so greased between in the making.

The preceding receipt producing fine French rolls, good enough for anything, the next are no-names. The addition of eggs and butter does not make a vast difference, but still makes them creamy colored and crisp.

And if a body choose to name either of the two for some favorite hotel, need any other body kick? Possibly their name may be Parker, Tremont, Revere, Brunswick, French, Clarendon, St. James or Windsor rolls. Who shall decide or prove what they are?

552. No-Name Rolls. No. 1.

3 large cups of milk.

1 large cup of yeast.

3 ounces of sugar.

3 yolks of eggs.

4 ounces of butter, melted.

1 ounce of salt.

All the flour the fluids will take up, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Make up either sponge or stiff dough, as may be most convenient. The latter way is best at night. All the ingredients may be put in at once, but the milk should not be made too warm in summer, when the dough has to be made 12 hours before wanted.

553. No-Name Rolls. No. 2.

Richest.

3 cups of sweet milk.

1 cup of yeast.

6 ounces of butter, melted.

6 yolks of eggs.

3 ounces of sugar.

1 ounce of salt.

All the flour it will take up—or about 5 pounds.

A larger proportion of yeast may be used in winter

The dough ought not to want coaxing under a stove to rise. Our yeast made from good stock brings the dough up fast enough anywhere in a warm room, and bread thus easily raised is always the best and sweetest. Half yeast to half milk or water is better than too little.

If these pocket-book shaped rolls are such general favorites, why are they not universally adopted and found everywhere? The directions a little way back numbered 1 to 7 explain the reason why.

These rolls are very tedious to make and take up one person's time from all other kinds of bread. When business is dull the pastrycook makes them in great perfection for the few people, but as soon as the house begins to fill up the work begins to crowd and the tedious split rolls are discontinued just at the time when they are really needed and would do most good. The remedies are, to leave out the unimportant kinds and give the time to these, and where it is impossible to give these rolls the 5 or 6 handlings, rather than abandon, cut them out instead. To do this, roll the dough to a sheet as if for biscuit. Brush over with melted lard. Cut out and double over. French rolls made without yolk of egg will come out the smoothest-looking when baked, if made that way.

554. Butter Rolls.

Sometimes called tea cakes, and also Sally Lunn.

2 pounds of light bread dough.

1 ounce of sugar (a spoonful).

4 ounces of butter.

3 yolks of eggs.

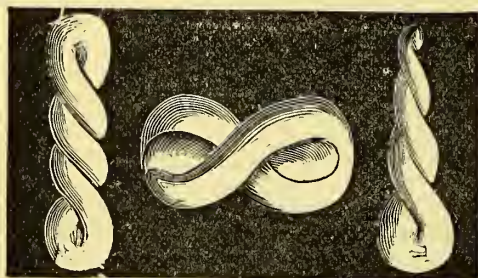
1 teacup of milk or cream.

1 pound of flour to work in.

Take the dough, already light, 4 hours before the meal, and mix in all the ingredients. Let rise 2 hours. Knead, then make the dough into round balls and roll them flat. Brush over with melted butter and place two of the flats together, one on the other. Press in the center. Rise an hour, and bake. When done, slip a thin shaving of fresh butter inside each and brush the top over slightly, too. Should be made very small if to serve whole, or as large as saucers, to cut.

555. Fancy Twist Rolls.

For variety's sake a few simple shapes should be practiced, besides the plain, round and oblong kinds



TWIST ROLLS OR COFFEE CAKES.

556. Sandwich Rolls.

- 1 pound of puff-paste.
- 2 pounds of French roll dough.

Roll out in thin sheets, separately, place one on the other, fold over in three, like pie paste, and roll out thin. Fold over and roll out once more; then cut out and butter and fold over to make pocket-book rolls, or else in round biscuits. Rise and bake same as rolls. When no pie paste on hand, butter may be spread and rolled into the dough with the same effect.

557. Finest Hotel Bread.

Sometimes called Vienna bread, and French bread.

Make the dough by the receipt for French split rolls, and knead it several times according to the extended directions already given for common bread.

This makes bread so white and fine that it vies with the napkins on the best appointed tables, and elicits admiration from the most fastidious. It is a feather in the hotel baker's cap when very particular, excellent and discriminating housekeepers outside, send to beg a loaf of this extra fine bread for their company days. That's the only sort of premiums hotel fellows are ever allowed to win. Remember, this bread should be kneaded 3 or 4 different times, at intervals apart.

558. Doughnuts for the Million.

A regular Cape Cod man with whom we parleyed, * * * he looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort—too grave to laugh, too tough to cry, as indifferent as a clam. * * * He stood in front of us telling stories and ejecting tobacco juice into the fire right and left. * * * At breakfast we had eels, buttermilk cake, cold bread, green beans, doughnuts and tea. I ate of the apple sauce and the doughnuts, which I thought had sustained the least detriment from the old man's shots.—*Thoreau—Cape Cod.*

Why does everybody laugh when there are doughnuts in the case? Even Thoreau, who laughs but seldom. There is a pleasant little piece about

doughnuts in the *Congressional Record*, that was spoken by a Pacific coast senator—it is too long to repeat here—and it is said all the senators laughed at that. But if we place on the board some royal doughnuts, perhaps the original kind with their original German name *krapfen*—krapfen with apricots or with cheese, or flavored with orange flower water, it looks as if it will be hard to find the fun that dwells in native doughnuts, and, essentially, that is all these are, though they have appeared in regal bills-of-fare.

559. German Puffs.

- 1 pound of light bread dough.
- 6 ounces of butter.
- 2 ounces of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk.
- 10 yolks of eggs.
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of flour.
- Little salt.

These can only be made the soft, light yellow puff-balls they ought to be, by a strict and thorough method of working the ingredients together.

Take the dough 6 hours before the meal and mix in the butter, sugar, milk and salt. Set in a warm place awhile, then thoroughly beat together. Add two yolks at a time and flour by littles alternately, beating against the side of the pan. Then turn out the dough and knead it on the table. Set away to rise about 3 hours. Knead the dough twice more, as directed for rolls, but more thoroughly, till air will snap from the edges when pinched. Mould out in little balls. Brush these over with melted lard to prevent hardening outside. Rise half an hour or more on greased pans. Fry in sweet lard. May be sugared over or served with sauce, or as doughnuts, cold. They soak grease if raised too much

560. "Little Pittsburgh" Doughnuts.

These are doughnuts with a little history attached—but let us make them first.

- 4 pounds of light bread dough.
- 8 ounces of sugar and syrup mixed.
- 2 eggs.
- 2 or 3 ounces of lard, melted.
- Powdered sugar to dredge over.
- Lard to fry.

Take the dough from the breakfast rolls, say at 9 in the morning, in Winter. In Summer the dough worked up at mid-day will do. Mix in the ingredients, let stand half an hour. Work up stiff with flour sufficient, and set to rise about 4 hours. Then knead, and roll it out to a sheet. Brush over the whole sheet of dough with very little melted lard. Cut out with a two-pound tomato can, and cut out the middle of each with a little empty two ounce ground cinnamon can. This makes rings, which

must be set to rise on greased pans about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then dropped in hot lard. Sift sugar over when done. They cook in about 5 minutes.

When Leadville first began grinding in crowds of mining men poor, and grinding them out rich, the poor men as they went in were often hard put to it for something to eat, and they never laughed at a doughnut, but treated it with respect. As saloons, boarding houses, clothing stores, stables, theatres, and even saw-mills and wood yards hastened to call themselves the "Little Pittsburgh," for the very famous mine which was at first the life of the camp, the bakers did likewise, and the makers of the preceding excellent doughnuts finding them a sort of bonanzas yet undeveloped, hastened to call them Little Pittsburghs, too. Pursuing this vein they went on and advertised extensively. You could get a Little Pittsburgh doughnut for ten cents at any hour of the day or night, and a glass of dried-apple cider for the same price; but in a commutation arrangement you could get a doughnut and a glass of the cider together for fifteen cents. So Little Pittsburgh doughnuts became a part, and indeed, a leading feature of the camp. They were in two-line local notices scattered all through the papers, so that nobody could miss them. It seemed, in fact, as if all the news was gathered for the express purpose of drawing attention to doughnuts. One day it would be:

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been offered and refused for the Chrysolite mine." And as a sequel:

"There's nothing in camp can equal those Little Pittsburgh doughnuts." Or, perhaps:

"Our esteemed fellow citizen fell down a shaft 500 feet deep, last evening. He struck on his head and probably never knew what hurt him."

"O! those Little Pittsburgh doughnuts are so very fine, if you try them once you'll buy them every time, at the Union Bakery."

So, although the doughnuts were always the same, there was always something fresh and pleasant to give them a new zest. Sometimes it would be only a hanging, or a midnight garroting, but the chorus of doughnuts kept right on at the end of every performance, great or small. As a consequence these doughnuts had a great run. It is hard to fathom motives. Perhaps some people ate them for spite, trying to abolish them and their "damnable iteration," but of course that was useless, there were plenty more where these came from. They were placed in a tentative way on the best hotel tables, and they took—at least the people took and partook. Evidently these Little Pittsburghs were popular with all.

But the halcyon days of ten-cent doughnuts were short and few, for soon competition came and began cutting them out with three-pound tomato cans in-

stead of two-pound, making them so much larger. Not satisfied with that, other competitors left out the eggs and half the sugar and sold at five cents. There was no margin to pay for advertising in that. Little Pittsburgh doughnuts weakened and came down and the advertising ceased. None may know what subtle connection there may be in the cases, but both the Leadville newspapers soon after died, and the Little Pittsburgh mine itself experienced a temporary collapse. I think it would have paid both the papers and the mining company to have gone on advertising the doughnuts at bed-rock prices, or even free, for when they left them out they left out the spice of the paper, and as the doughnuts had boosted Little Pittsburgh it would only have been fair for Little Pittsburgh to boost—but it is useless moralizing.

The next are the cheap, light-colored and large doughnuts that knocked the bottom out of the rich, brown Little Pittsburghs.

561. Cheapest Doughnuts.

Made without Eggs.

4 pounds of bread dough

6 or 8 ounces of sugar

4 ounces of butter or lard

Make same way as the preceding. Take care to have the sugar all well dissolved, and having kneaded the dough very thoroughly do not let the doughnuts rise much, lest they soak up grease.

562. Bread Doughnuts.

Only plain dough, or French roll dough. Cut out biscuit shapes, let rise, and fry. These are very often found at railroad lunch stands; nearly as cheap as bread and butter, and very saleable.

There is a suspicion of tautology in the direction sometimes given to fry in *hot lard*; however, that is the shortest way of saying the lard should be already hot.

563. Some Krullers.

The cakes at tea ate short and crisp.—*Goldsmith.*

Cruller, Kruller. Old English, crull, curled: crule to curl. German, krulle, something curled.

A curled or crisped cake boiled in fat.—*Webster.*

The bakers for doughnuts, but women should make the crullers every time. Too heavy a hand with the sugar and, worse still, with the baking powder will make them a burning disgrace, a greasy stain upon hotel cookery. Besides, only women know how or have patience to curl crisp crullers into wonderful knots, twirls, twists and ringlets.

The primitive form of cruller is plain beaten biscuit dough, rolled extremely thin and cut into ribbons, then fried. A handful of sugar added to the dough makes a better kind, and many are the

people in the domestic world who would not give them in exchange for any more cake-like varieties.

For hotel supper tables, to change with doughnuts, the following are the best.

564.

Crullers. Best and Quickest.

2 pounds of flour.

3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Large half pint of milk.

4 ounces of butter.

6 ounces of sugar.

4 eggs. Salt. Nutmeg flavor.

Mix the powder in the flour. *Dissolve the sugar in the milk, add the eggs, and the butter melted, salt and flavor. Pour this fluid mixture into the middle of the flour and mix up like biscuit. Cut out and fry right away. A quick way to shape them is to cut in rings with a double cutter, having a small cutter in the middle, and another way is to cut the thin rolled sheet in bands with a paste jagger, and divide that into pieces like three fingers attached at one end—or like a fork head. Sugar over when done.*

These crullers take twice as much time to fry as doughnuts.

565.

Richest Crullers, or Fried Cakes.

Good to keep, to send to folks by stage or express, or to pack up for a fishing party or a mountain climbing. Don't put any baking powder in them.

12 ounces of powdered sugar.

6 eggs. Flavoring.

Half cup of milk.

6 ounces of butter.

2 pounds of flour.

Mix up like cake, by creaming the butter and sugar together, then beating in the eggs and milk and flour. Roll out, cut in shapes and fry.

In addition to the foregoing, it may be useful to remember, all the rusks, buns and brioches can be fried as doughnuts when there happens to be more dough than is needed to bake.

566.

Albany Rolls. Vienna Rolls. Delavan Rolls.

Make good roll dough with the finest flour and knead it well in layers as already directed for other varieties.

The milk bread dough is understood to be the proper article, but the hotels where milk can be had for bread-making must be very few, and no person not otherwise informed can tell the difference betwixt that and our French roll dough.

1. Mould out little balls as for split rolls.

2. Roll these out in shape of plates, and very thin.

3. Fold these by bringing over two opposite

edges and making them meet in the middle, and then bring over the other two edges likewise, making a square piece of folded dough.

4. Roll this out a little flatter, brush over with melted butter or lard, and fold over like other split rolls. They are square ended instead of half moon shapes.

This is the slowest and most tedious of all shapes, but the rolls are almost as flaky as pie paste.

567. BRIOCHE AND RUSKS,

For Breakfast, Lunch and Tea.

Perhaps you want to know what sort of a breakfast one gets at Young's. I wish this was an essay on housekeeping, so that every point could be enlarged upon. But the same wonder comes up at every notable restaurant, why people can't have just as good eating at home every day and why they never by any possibility do so. Why the dining-room cannot be as cool, as orderly and spotless, the melon as crisp, the salad as fresh and piquant, the cutlet as brown without, as melting and juicy within, or the bread and butter as perfect as that at Young's, will always be remarkable to any one condemned to domestic interiors.—*Boston Letter in N. Y. World.*

Dust unto dust; what must be must.

If you can't get crumbs, you had best eat crust.

—*Old Song.*

She would talk of the last tragedy with the emphatic tone of a connoisseur, in the same breath that she would ask, with Maria Antoinette, why the poor people were so clamorous for *bread* when they might buy such nice *brioche* for two-pence apiece —*Bulwer-Pelham.*

The above allusion to brioche appears in nearly the same words also in one of Dumas' prefaces—"Louise de la Valliere"—I think, but the solecism circulates with the point upon other articles of diet as well; as in one place the surprise is that poor peasants should *prefer* potatoes to meat, and only last month, in a magazine, it was a "French princess," and "chicken broth."

So far as living on the best of bread goes, there need be no reason why people condemned to domestic interiors should have to suffer from the comparison with those in hotels and restaurants, for after the details of the simple art of making it, set forth in these columns, there is only needed diligence and a proper degree of pride in the resulting product.

The English are corrupting our language dreadfully. They call our crackers biscuits; our biscuits they call Scotch scones; our muffins, if they have them, seem not to be called muffins, for that name is given to a poorer sort that is baked on a kind of griddle, and in like manner they call our rusk buns, while fresh and hot, and only accept them as rusks when sliced and dried brown in the oven.

Brioche and French rusks, the half dozen varieties of hot breads which seem to be popularly associated with those names in the United States, are unsurpassed for the afternoon teas which are becoming fashionable, and for lunch, and for French breakfasts of bread and coffee.

We find "*bricche, with cheese*," and with fruit, also forming parts of a course in some "royal" dinner menus.

At the great meat, fowl, fish and potato suppers and breakfasts of American hotels, these kinds seem to find no proper place. They are well worth practicing, however, for more domestic occasions, and have always been considered the highest test of skill in bread-making.

568. Brioche, or Butter Rusks.

1 pound of good, lively, roll dough.

6 ounces of butter.

2 ounces of sugar.

Half cup of milk or cream.

10 yolks of eggs.

Little salt.

1½ pounds of flour.

They require 5 hours time to make, raise and bake.

Warm the butter, sugar and cream, with the dough, together in a pan, and then mix thoroughly. Beat in the yolks, two at a time, and most of the flour, gradually bringing the mixture to a smooth, yellow dough. Then knead it thoroughly, and after that set it away to rise. In about three hours knead the dough the second time, and an hour after knead once more, then make out as directed for French rolls and notch the edges with a knife, to make the shape shown in the cut of rolls.

They rise and bake in the same time as rolls. Brush over with butter when done.

569. The Many Uses of Brioche.

It being eminently French, and every French cook making brioche by a different receipt—usually with more butter than the foregoing—as might be expected, this unsweetened kind of cake figures considerably in French cookery. One says it is a spongy kind of cake resembling Bath buns. Another says it should be rich, yellow and like a sponge, whence it takes its name. One mixes raisins, currants and shred citron in it for lunch and tea bread, and makes it in various fancy shapes and twists, also in large cakes. Another bakes the dough in form of round rolls, cuts off the top, takes out the crumb and fills with chicken or other meat, or, bakes in little moulds like oval gem pans, removes the inside and places in the shell or timbale thus made a cooked bird with its gravy and dishes a pyramid of these on a napkin. Still another steeps

slices of brioche in orange syrup and fries them inclosed in batter as fritters; and at a costly and elegant dinner given in New York, on last Christmas, "brioche crusts, with fruit" appeared among the pastries. But the following sweet varieties might be employed for that.

One point in bread-making that, like hand-moulding, can only be learned through practice is the right pitch of lightness to be allowed. Some stress has been laid on the lightness, sponginess and large size of rolls and loaves, because of the aversion we all have to heavy bread, which is ruinous to health. The inexperienced are cautioned against running to the other extreme. There is a point when the rolls have reached a certain height they begin to settle out of shape and to crack open. A little before this is the time to bake.

Butter rusks of our pattern should open and curl backwards in baking, therefore should not be brushed over with butter when panned as rolls are.

570. French Sweet Rusks. Richest.

The receipt for making these is inquired for at places where they are made in perfection, perhaps oftener than any other. They are cakes rather than bread; very showy, and never fail to attract notice. Should only be attempted with the strongest yeast or lightest dough, as they are otherwise slow to rise. The art to be acquired through practice is to make them *elastic* and pleasant eating, not clammy like half-baked bread.

1 pound of light dough.

6 ounces of butter.

4 ounces of sugar.

6 yolks and 1 whole egg.

Half cup of milk.

Flavoring as indicated below.

1½ pounds of flour.

If for afternoon tea, take the dough from the breakfast rolls, and six hours before the rusks are wanted place it in a pan with the butter, sugar and cream. Let all get warmed through and the butter softened, then mix them thoroughly. Next add the eggs and flour by littles, alternately, beating the mixture up against the side of the pan, to make it smooth and elastic. Spread the last handful of flour on the table, knead the dough as for rolls, pressing and spreading it out with the knuckles, and folding it over repeatedly. Set it in a warm place for 2 or 3 hours. Then knead it the second time. Every time the dough is doubled on itself the two edges should be pressed together first. When the dough of this and of the brioche receipt is good and finished it looks silky, and air will snap from the edge when it is pinched. After this sec-

and kneading the dough should stand an hour and then be kneaded once more and made into shapes. The smaller notched shape in the engraving of rolls is perhaps the best for these. Do not brush over the tops with butter lest they run out of shape. Rise in the pans $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Bake in a slow oven fifteen minutes. Brush over when done with sugar, egg, and water, mixed and flavor with vanilla, and dredge granulated sugar over.

A little flavoring may be added in the dough; either vanilla extract, vanilla and rose mixed, orange or nutmeg; but for a nice variation grate in the rind of one or two lemons and squeeze in some of the juice.

If to be made overnight without light dough for a start, all the ingredients can be mixed at once by taking a pint of yeast and half pint of milk—or nearly all yeast—adding all the other articles and flour to make soft dough.

571. French Sweet Rusks.

Best Every-day Sort.

2 pounds of light dough.
4 ounces of sugar.
4 ounces of butter.
4 yolks of eggs.
Large half cup of milk.
Flour to make it soft dough.

572. English, or Hot Cross Buns.

1 pint of "liquor"—being half yeast, half water or milk.
1 teaspoonful of salt.
4 ounces of sugar.
4 ounces of butter, melted.
2 eggs—or 4 yolks, better.
Nutmeg or other extract.
Flour to make soft dough.

Mix up everything at once. Manage according to extended directions for rusks. Make into round balls flattened. Brush over with syrup when done.

But then rusks will still be dry rusks or "tops and bottoms," according to some understandings of the term, and hotel pastry cooks are often called on to make them at pleasing places, for wine parties, and for out-door occasions.

573. Brussels Rusks.

Take, for preference, the dough made by the receipt for rusks designated as the best every-day sort, and when finished make it in long loaves and bake in tin moulds of brick shape. When a day old slice these and brown the slices in the oven.

Brioche dough is used in the same manner as the above, and also with caraway seeds mixed in. A teaspoonful does.

574. Marlborough Rusks.

Make the one pound common sponge mixture—it has already been twice given in the book of puddings—and add thereto one ounce of caraway seeds. Bake in long, narrow moulds. When a day old slice, and brown the slices in the oven. These crisped slices can be kept a long time, and serve much the same purpose as sweet crackers.

575. Russian Wine Rusks.

This and the next succeeding kind want the same skill in making that sponge cake does. They belong properly to the department of cakes, and may be used as such as well as in the form of dry rusks.

14 ounces of granulated sugar.
12 eggs.
8 ounces of almonds.
8 ounces of unbolted flour.
1 teaspoonful of almond extract.

Crush the almonds with the rolling-pin on the table without removing the skins, and then mix them with the half pound of graham flour—which should have the coarsest bran sifted away from it before weighing. Beat the sugar and eggs together in a cool place about half an hour. When perfectly light and thick stir in the flavoring and the flour and almonds. Bake in long, narrow moulds. Slice, and brown the slices in the oven.

576. Anisette Rusks.

8 ounces of granulated sugar.
10 eggs.
4 ounces of almonds.
6 ounces of flour.
A quarter ounce of anise seed.

Mince the almonds as fine as possible, and without taking off the skins. Mix them and the anise seed with the flour dry. Then beat the sugar and eggs quite light, as for sponge cake, and lightly stir in the flour, etc. Bake in long and narrow moulds, and when a day old slice, and brown the slices on both sides in the oven.

Muffins, Waffles, Gaufres, Flapjacks.

At last, to be sure, Mr. Warrington burst into a loud laugh. It was when the poor chaplain, after a sufficient discussion of muffins, eggs, tea, the news, the theatres, and so forth, pulled out a schedule of his debts—*Thackeray's Virginians*.

There were piping hot wheaten cakes—no Indian bread, for the upper part of Maine, it will be remembered, is a wheat country—ham and eggs, and shad and salmon, tea sweetened with molasses, and

sweet cakes in contradistinction to the hot cakes not sweetened, the one white, the other yellow, to wind up with. Such we found was the prevailing fare, ordinary and extraordinary, along this river.—*Thoreau—The Maine Woods.*

Beautiful evening! For thee all poets have had a song * * We love to feel the stillness, where all, two hours back, was clamor. * * We love to fill our thoughts with speculations on man—even though the man be the muffin man.—*Bulwer Paul Clifford.*

577. English Common Muffins.

Baked in rings on a huge griddle and carried around to customers, from the shops. Simply a common bread sponge of the cheapest, the muffins being pulled apart and toasted, almost invariably, before they are eaten.

2 pounds of flour.

1 quart of mixed water and yeast.

1 tablespoonful of salt.

Mix the above together carefully, to have no lumps in it, at noon. The water should be warm and the sponge set to rise in a warm place. At about 3 beat the sponge thoroughly, and the longer the better, with spoon or paddle, and let rise again. Beat up again before using. Set tin rings the size of saucers on the griddle, half fill them with the batter, let bake light brown on the bottom, then turn them over and bake the other side. The batter should be thicker than for pancakes and thinner than fritters.

The preceding being the cheapest made for sale, private parties make richer qualities with milk and a little shortening.

The Boston muffin man had a name for some kind of a hot breakfast and tea cake which the great word-catcher dictionaries have failed to rake in. The word was pyflit; his painted sign read "Muffins, Pyflits, Oatcakes, Goffers, Made Here by ———." His place was a red brick, private house on Liquorpond street—of course everybody knows Liquorpond street, Boston—it leads into High street on the north and the Witham river runs at the back of the old brick stores on the further side of that, and the river itself is as lively as a street when the tide is up, although its channel to the sea is only maintained by means of bundles of wicker stuff, like the Mississippi jetties. The muffin man used to start out punctual to the moment, morning and evening, and cry "muffins and pyflits"—and them only, so his literary customers must have known what "pyflits" meant. In that they had the advantage of these columns. In saying literary customers we only give honor where honor is due, for Boston has always been famous for literature and good hotels. The Roberts Brothers were located in Narrow Bargate, opposite the "Red Lion Inn"

They used to issue a compendium with their almanac, and tried to please the Middlemarch people and "lay over" John Noble, the other bookseller, by leaving out the horse-doctoring matter and signs of Zodiac, and putting in fine pictures from the art union instead. These Roberts', striking into a new path right through the fences of old custom, were both young men. But of the hotels, the "Peacock" was the one patronized by the American travellers. (Hawthorne's England and Italy.) The "Red Lion" was frequented, principally, by "Cripps, the Camer," and the "White Hart" by the farmers, and the "White Horse" by market people. Boston steeple, that most remarkable landmark, towers, an architectural glory, into the world of rooks and crows, three hundred feet above these all. It can be seen thirty miles out at sea, and from Lincoln Minster, thirty miles the other way. But of course every Bostonian knows of the presence of this great tower, although he may never raise his eyes to look at it so common, nor care to remember old John Cotton, the preacher. But the Boston muffin man with his mysterious pyflits, not to be found in the unbridged, was an object of more immediate interest. The people "off the Skelligs," and John Halifax, Gent, should know what pyflits are, but as for us we can only jump to the mild guess that they must have been crumpets under an ancient name.

578.

Cheapest Yeast-Raised Batter Cakes Without Eggs

English Crumpets.

1½ pounds of flour.

1 quart of warm water.

1 cupful of yeast.

1 basting-spoonful of melted lard.

1 " " of syrup

1 small teaspoonful of salt

Mix all the ingredients together like setting sponge for bread—with very cold water if made over night for breakfast, or else 6 hours before the meal with warm. Beat thoroughly both at time of mixing and just before baking.

Such cakes as these, baked rather dry and not too thin, are made and sold in shops which have no other business but these and muffins in all the cities.

The "crumpets" are commonly toasted in their native lauds.

579.

Wheat Batter Cakes. 'Flannel' Cakes.

2 pounds, or quarts, of flour.

2 quarts of warm water.

1 cup of yeast.

1 basting-spoonful of syrup.

4 ounces of melted lard.

4 eggs. Salt.

Mix the flour into a sponge with the yeast and

water, either over night or 6 hours before supper. An hour before the meal add the enriching ingredients and beat well.

580. Baking Powder Batter Cakes.

Mix up, just before the cakes are wanted as in the preceding receipt, but without yeast. Just before you begin to bake add two or three large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, take the large wire egg whisk and beat the batter thoroughly—a vast improvement.

Hotel cooks probably have different estimates of the public likes and dislikes from other and domestic peoples'. Their opportunities are different. The conditions are different. The restraints are removed from the people who eat, and they indulge their tastes without the hindrances of economic considerations. The cooks know no individuals, but as the tide comes and goes they learn what the tide of humanity likes to consume the most of. For instance, one favorite article which is not found half often enough is graham cakes.

581. Graham Batter Cakes.

- 1 pound of graham flour, not sifted.
- 1 pound of white flour.
- 1 quart of warm water.
- 1 cupful of yeast.
- 2 eggs. Salt.
- 2 ounces of syrup.
- 2 ounces of melted lard.

Set the batter as a sponge like other yeast-raised cakes, either over night or 6 hours before supper, and add the enriching ingredients an hour before baking.

And, anything for a change, sometimes your people take streaks, and the prevailing fashion is for rice cakes.

582. Rice Batter Cakes.

One heaping coffee-cup of raw rice makes the following quantity:

- 1 quart of cooked rice.
- 1½ pints of milk.
- 1 pound, or quart, of flour.
- 1 basting-spoonful of syrup.
- 4 to 6 eggs.
- 1 teaspoonful of salt.
- 2 “ “ baking powder.

Mash the dry-cooked rice in a pan with a little of the milk, which should be warm, till there are no lumps left, then add flour and milk alternately, keeping it firm enough to work smooth. Add the other ingredients and beat well. Buttermilk and soda can be used if desired, instead of powder and sweet milk.

583. White Bread Cakes.

- 1 pound of bread crumbs.
- 12 ounces of flour.
- 3 pints of water or milk.
- 4 eggs. Salt.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Remove all the dark crust from the bread, and then soak it in a quart of the water several hours, with a plate to press it under. Mash smooth and add the flour, the pint of milk or water, eggs and powder. It always improves batter cakes to beat the eggs light, before mixing them in. No shortening nor syrup needed for the above.

584. Graham Bread Cakes.

Make like the preceding, with part graham flour, and the crumbs of graham bread.

Corn cakes will be found, with other preparations of corn meal, near the end of this book.

Speaking of the way the English mis-call things, there is a very pretty London cook book making the remark that something in the batter cake line is baked on a “girdle” in Scotland, where “girdles” are in common use, but as they are little known in England the cake must be baked on the stove plate. The idea of calling a griddle a girdle! The griddle is in common use in New Jersey, but is little known in York State. And if no griddles in England what do they do for buckwheat cakes? Dreadful supposition—perhaps they have none! Time for somebody to start American kitchens over there. So that is the reason why Scotland is apostrophized as

“Land o’ cakes! and John o’ Groates,”

And barley bannocks; and England is not honored with any such title—how can she be, with no “girdles.” What is home without a “girdle?” Her people are emigrating.

585. Buckwheat Cakes.

- 2 pounds of buckwheat flour.
- 2 quarts of water.
- 1 cupful of yeast.
- 1 teaspoonful of salt.
- 1 large basting-spoonful of syrup.
- 1 “ “ “ of melted lard.

Make a sponge or batter, overnight, with the warm water, yeast and flour. In the morning add the enriching ingredients, beat up well and bake thin cakes on a griddle.

The great majority of people prefer buckwheat cakes with about a fifth part corn meal mixed with the buckwheat. And twice as much shortening as above will please them better. No eggs need ever

be used with buckwheat.

After the first mixing with yeast some of the batter may be saved and used instead of yeast for several succeeding days. A teaspoonful of carbonate of soda may then be added to be mixed in the batter in the morning, but cakes made that way, for some reason, are more palatable than with sweet yeast—care being taken to proportion the soda to the degree of slight sourness.

586.

The neatest way to grease the cake griddle is with a piece of ham rind cut off large for the purpose, and the batter should be poured from a pitcher, or a can having a coffee pot spout.

Where the smoke and smell is an objection the cakes can be baked just as well without grease, not only on soapstone griddles but on iron ones as well, if they be rubbed with a cloth after every baking, to keep them polished. We do not insist on the adoption of the cleaner plan, because cakes half fried are eaten with a better relish than the others—and hotel cooks are not expected to be reformers.

587.

Goffers are gaufres, and they are wafers, or thin cakes, whence waffles, which are, or used to be, called also soft wafers. But thin cakes were of more than one sort. Almond gaufres and some others are a kind of candy cakes, thin and crisp. Flemish gaufres are our waffles, but made so rich that they are used as a pastry dish for dinner with jellies and marmalades. They are also used in all their richness for breakfast, where expense is no object, but can hardly come under the head of breakfast bread in ordinary. The next receipt is the happy mean which just suits.

588. Hotel Waffles.

- 3 pounds of flour.
- 3 pints of milk or water.
- 1 pint of yeast.
- 5 ounces of sugar or syrup.
- 8 ounces of melted lard or butter.
- 1 tablespoonful of salt.
- 10 or 12 eggs.

If for supper make up a sponge at noon, plain, with flour, water and yeast. At 4 o'clock add the enriching ingredients, beat up well, and let rise again till 6, then bake in waffle irons.

589.

Waffles for Early Breakfast.

The waffle batter of the foregoing can be set over night with cold water, but it saves making a separate sponge when there is roll dough ready in the morning to take 2 pounds of the dough and work in the butter melted and a little of the milk made warm. Let stand a few minutes, then beat smooth,

adding the rest of the articles, and in an hour it will be ready to bake.

590.

Waffles with Self-Raising Flour.

- Or with baking powder, or buttermilk and soda
- 2 pounds of flour.
- 2 quarts of milk (nearly.)
- 4 whole eggs.
- 12 yolks.

- 8 ounces of butter, melted.
- 1 basting-spoonful of syrup.
- 1 teaspoonful of salt.

Powder, 2 teaspoonfuls if common flour be used.

Mix up just before the meal, like battercakes gradually, with the milk in the middle of the flour to avoid lumps. The eggs should be thoroughly beaten.

591.

Flemish Waffles, or Gaufres.

Very rich and delicate when directions are followed. This is only half the quantity of hotel waffle receipt :

- 1 pound of flour.
- 2 cups of milk.
- 1 cup of yeast.
- 1 cup of thick cream.
- 8 ounces of butter, melted.
- 12 eggs. Salt.
- 1 ounce or spoonful of sugar.

Set a sponge over night, or else 6 hours before the meal, with the flour, milk and yeast. In the morning separate the eggs, beat the yolks light and add to the sponge, together with the sugar, butter and salt. Beat up well, let rise an hour. Then whip the cup of cream and stir in, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten to a froth.

592.

French Sweet Waffles, or Gaufres.

- Made without yeast.
- 1 pound of flour.
- 6 ounces of sugar.
- 14 eggs. Salt.
- 1 pint of milk.
- 1 pint of cream.
- 1 ounce of butter, melted.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of brandy.

Separate the eggs. Mix flour, sugar and salt dry, in a pan. Beat yolks and milk together, pour them in the middle and stir to a batter, smooth and without lumps. Then add the brandy and melted butter. When about to bake whip the pint of cream to a froth and mix it in, and then beat the whites up firm and add likewise. Bake soon, while the mixture is creamy and light. When the batter must stand and wait during a long meal a little baking powder should be beaten in after the lightness of the cream and egg-whites has evaporated. This

makes fine pancakes as well.

593.

As a rule, for those who would excel, it is well to remember that white of eggs makes waffles and pancakes tough and leathery unless added in the form of froth, which carries fine air bubbles into the batter. When not so beaten the cakes will be better with the whites left out altogether and powder used instead, along with the yolks which alone give the richness. Just such fine distinctions as these well observed make the difference betwixt fine cooks and those who loaf, out of employment, on street corners.

594. Baking Waffles.

Waffles, it must be owned, are the terror of hotel cooks in ordinary positions, chiefly because people will persist in taking waffles just before they begin the meal, waffles for the meal, and more waffles just after the meal, making nine hundred orders of waffles for three hundred persons. But as waffles make a house popular and are a means of distancing competition hotel stewards and proprietors often find it good policy to look upon waffles without prejudice, and provide for their extensive manufacture by furnishing the proper waffle range, thus saving a hand and no end of confusion, waste, smoke, inconvenience, profanity and disappointment. Of course this applies to large business. A stove and the common waffle irons may do very well for fifty persons—the gauge of these receipts.

Sweet waffles burn so easily that they cannot be baked fast. When waffles do not brown fast enough add sugar or syrup. The only remedy for waffles sticking to the irons is to keep the irons in constant use with scraping and rubbing out with lard while hot, and avoid letting them burn with nothing in them. To bake waffles, pour in one side a spoonful of melted lard, shut up and turn over the iron two or three times and then place a spoonful of batter in each compartment. Shut and turn over to the fire frequently till both sides are brown.

595. Rice Waffles.

1 quart of dry cooked rice.
1½ pints of milk.
1 pound of flour.
4 eggs. Salt.
10 yolks.
1 basting-spoonful of butter.
1 “ “ of syrup.
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
Mash the rice with the milk, mix up like rice batter cakes.

But to divert attention from waffles it is only

necessary to announce clam pancakes. And surely they are a Yankee invention and of local fame only at that, for nowhere in print, not even on clam can-labels can such a dish apparently be found. This is the route by which clam pancakes have reached these columns: A number of pleasure-seeking people occupying the broad piazza and the hundred rustic chairs at a hotel in the shadow of Pikes Peak, between dancing and promenading and the pause in the music got to talking about the sea-side and per consequence about clams. There was one among them who had travelled on the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis, and speaking of various persons' likes and preferences it came at last to “O, clams plain are all very well, clam fritters, clam stew, clam patties, but leaving out chowder there is nothing made of clams equal to our Yankee clam pancakes’”.

“Why cant we have them here?”

“Why of course we can.”

It is true Pikes Peak is a long way from Clamdom but canned clams do very well. The cook had to be instructed, and after that still ventured to ask “What do you eat with them?” “Butter and syrup, just like any the other batter cakes,”

596. Clam Pancakes.

2 cans of clams (2 lb. size).
1 pound of flour.
1 pint of the clam liquor
1 pint of milk. Salt.
10 yolks of eggs.
4 ounces of butter, melted.
A spoonful of syrup.
1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder.
Cut or chop the clams a little larger than beans. Mix the batter as for other batter cakes, add the clams at last, and bake on a griddle.

There is a biographical dictionary across the street, but no use looking in that for Sally Lunn. Who was she? A muffin peddler? Some common body, else she would not have been called Sally. Perhaps a female “good fellow,” who invited folks to take a cup o’ tea. Maybe a village Hampden or a Howard, or a female Cromwell guiltless of anybody’s blood, yet a great backbiter. But “no further seek her merits to disclose;” she might turn out to have been like a certain Aunt Melissy of Pennsylvania, recently sketched in a magazine, who kept boarders, was famous for her savory pot-pies and doughnuts, but who sold whiskey and swore terrifically.

• 597. Sally Lunn Tea Cakes.

2½ pounds of roll dough.
4 ounces of butter, melted.
3 ounces of sugar.
2 whole eggs and 2 yolks

Half cupful of milk.

8 ounces of flour.

Take the dough from the rolls at 2 o'clock, and work in the enriching ingredients—the milk warm, and sugar and butter melted in it and eggs beaten light—then add the flour and beat thoroughly.

It makes dough too soft to handle, and like fritters.

Rise 3 hours. Beat again. Divide in four pie pans. Rise half an hour. Bake about 15 minutes. They brown very easily; are not so good when allowed to become too light; should be brushed over with good butter when done. Cut in pieces like pie, but carefully, with up and down strokes of a sharp knife, as it spoils the cakes to crush them with a heavy cut. Should be baked at intervals as the meal goes on, and not sweated in the pans.

The next, and last in this division, are presented as something of a specialty in breakfast breads. They have been very frequently complimented (always remembering that nothing can quite supplant fine French split rolls) and once I heard this:

"We have penetrated behind the scenes to see if we can discover what particular trick it is that makes these muffins so delicate, so fine and elastic and like a sponge. We have boarded in the G—House at Louisville, the B—House at Cincinnati, the B—House at Indianapolis," (these remarks were made several years ago) "but never met with any to equal these."

"We use here the finest flour, perhaps that's the reason."

"No, it isn't. So they do there, and have the best of pastrycooks, too."

"Perhaps you come to breakfast here at seasonable hours when the muffins are fresh baked and hot."

"No, it is in the muffins themselves and the way you make them."

Perhaps they had been used to regard hotel muffins as dry, little, unpalatable things that would grease the fingers to touch. The receipt for the sort which they esteemed so much better is here given, but that is not all. As was remarked about milk bread, butter rusks, sweet rusks and waffles the thorough beating properly performed with a cutting-under motion, so as to inclose air in the batter, is quite essential to insure fine quality.

598. Hotel Wheat Muffins.

2½ pounds of light bread dough.

4 ounces of butter, melted.

½ cupful of milk or cream.

5 yolks and 1 whole egg.

2 teaspoonfuls of sugar.

4 ounces of flour.

Little salt.

Take the dough from the breakfast bread at 5 in the morning. If French roll dough no sugar need be added. Work the butter and milk in, and set in a warm place a few minutes. Then beat in the eggs and flour and keep beating against the side of the pan till the batter is very elastic and smooth. Rise awhile.

The tin muffin rings should be two inches across and one inch deep. Set them on a buttered baking pan, half fill with the batter—which should be thin enough to settle smooth, and thick enough not to run—let rise half an hour, bake about ten minutes in a hot oven. Bake small lots at intervals during the breakfast.

599. Muffins from the Beginning.

When no other kind is made and there is no dough ready.

1½ pounds of flour.

1 pint of "liquor"—milk and yeast mixed.

Make a soft dough of the above over night and add the ingredients of the preceding receipt except the flour. Beat up well in the morning.

Sugar in small quantities makes bread crust paper-like, thin and soft. Too much makes bread pudding. Yolk of eggs counteracts sugar, and dries the bread out, also makes the crust crisp and brittle. White of egg makes thick, tough crust like leather that has been wet and dried. Shortening makes little difference besides lessening the stringiness of well-made bread. Sweet rusks and cakes are slow to rise and slow to bake. Such bread as muffins and Sally Lunn usually rises too fast and too much.

600. About Baking Powder, and How Not to Use It.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—*Twelfth Night*.

After all that has been shown of the manner of making the best of bread without baking powder, it must be plain to see that the way to avoid the injuries arising from baking powder adulteration is to use good yeast instead. The use of powder does not need to be encouraged, it, like many other non-essential articles, is good in its place, but it is the lazy cook's resort; it tends to inferiority in cooking; it causes an expenditure of money for that which is not nutriment but which at its very best is but empty air and at its worst carries after the air a residue of poison. And yet baking powder is good to a certain degree. But how few can make baking powder bread anything but a sorry substitute for bread? In the mining and lumbering regions and such half-civilized places where men in haste and carelessness mix up a sort of biscuit, any way for the easiest, bak-

ing powder is used in such vast quantities as people who live where cooking is done might find impossible to believe. That its manufacture must be very profitable is shown in many ways; by the immense number of different brands, the number of new and expensive ways of putting it up in packages, and of employing agents, traveling equipments and printing and advertising, equaling the sewing machine business of patent times, or patent medicine business of all times, and this without any monopoly for any one. Besides the immense factories of the large cities most of the small cities and outfitting points of the west have firms engaged in the manufacture. Kansas City has one, Denver has two, and of these one alone advertises that it ships from three to four tons of powder per month to the mountain towns. At the same time car loads are arriving of perhaps forty different brands from the east.

Baking powder was first extensively advertised for sale and generally introduced about the years 1845 to 1850. Flaming posters appeared in all the towns calling it German yeast, or baking powder, claiming that a yield of about twenty pounds more bread from a barrel of flour could be had by its use than by yeast raising, on the ground that ordinary yeast changes a portion of the flour into air in fermentation, and claiming for powder the effect of eggs, and another saving. Chemists certificates were appended to say that the powder when evaporated in the bread left only an extremely small remainder, and that was but chloride of sodium, or common salt, and no disadvantage.

Supposing the last to be true, it is on the presumption that either cream of tartar or tartaric acid are used in making the powder, and that they are so perfectly proportioned as to exactly counteract each other and banish each other in the form of air, from the bread. Otherwise a residue of one or other must remain, and other acids and alkalis may be used having the same or stronger effects but leaving still more harmful reminders. Both before and after the introduction of commercial baking powders pastry cooks used to make their own. But cream of tartar was found most unreliable because of lack of uniformity in its adulteration. Some samples would contain so much starch or worse matters that four teaspoonfuls were required to counteract one teaspoonful of soda. With tartaric acid ready powdered the same difficulty was experienced. Tartaric acid in crystals, powdered in a mortar at home as wanted, was the only reliable recourse to avoid having biscuit spoiled either one way or the other. The proportions are one teaspoonful of powdered tartaric acid to two of carbonate of soda—the reverse of cream of tartar proportioned. The *Scientific American* has published a number of different formulas for making baking powders. Many of the manufactur-

ers accuse others of employing cheap but injurious substitutes for soda and acid, and here is a hint of another kind of deterioration.

A man came around a new western town offering to sell a receipt for making baking powder which was to effect a great saving to all consumers. The price asked for the precious bit of information was one dollar. When my turn came to be canvassed I told him that knowing of quite a number of baking powder mixtures already I had just fifty cents worth of curiosity left to know what he had to impart. So for that sum I obtained the following :

EUREKA BAKING POWDER.

Bi-carbonate of soda, 16 ounces; tartaric acid, 12 ounces; cream of tartar, 2 ounces; fine flour 3 pounds.

There is two pounds of real baking powder and flour enough added to make five pounds weight. Starch has more the appearance of real baking powder than flour. Does not this go far to explain the variations in strength and the inducements to push the sale of cheap powders? Cost price of flour, 4 cents; starch, 10 cents; selling price of powder the difference.

GOL.

It being our sole business to teach how to make good bread and to inquire into the nature of the obstacles that throw us, we have no remedies to offer against these adulterations other than the first mentioned, viz: to use little or none at all, and employ good yeast instead. In the palmy days of French cookery, when culinary excellence was carried, under the auspices of fashion, to an extreme never surpassed since, baking powder was unknown, and the bakers' more objectionable carbonate of ammonia was unthought of. The finest cakes were made light either with brewer's yeast, like those at the end of this book; with air beaten in mechanically, like our common sponge cakes; or with the fine particles of cold butter as in pound cake—the same agent that imparts such extreme lightness to puff-paste. Waffles and pan cakes at the same time were made of extreme delicacy by means of white of eggs whipped to a froth, being really a mass of air bubbles, fine as snow, incorporated in the mixture, there to expand in the heat of baking and raise the whole.

Baking powder is the cook's labor-saving friend, but if the friend be treacherous and unreliable shall we not accept his good offices with caution? All we can gain from him is gas to expand into big holes in the bread in the oven, and a teaspoonful of soda to a pint of sour buttermilk yields the same. In "old fashioned" gingerbread a teaspoonful of soda added to the raw molasses makes a gassy foam just the same, and, independent of all the half dozen ways

already shown of introducing air for lightness into food compounds, there is the purely mechanical utilization of atmospheric air of the following method.

602. Virginia Beaten Biscuit.

Old-Fashioned Way.

There has to be a maul, or Indian club over 2 feet long, and a stout table, for the beating. The biscuit will not be right unless you have the maul made of hard maple, square-shaped at the heavy end, but waving, so as to make uneven hollows in the dough and a hole in the handle for a string to hang it up by.

- 3 pounds of flour,
- 1 large teaspoonful of salt.
- 4 ounces of butter or lard.
- 3 cups of milk or water.

Have the milk tepid, mix the melted butter and salt with it, and wet up the flour—nearly all—into a stiff dough. Knead it to smoothness on the table, and then beat it out to a sheet with the maul, fold it over on itself and beat out again.

There is no established limit to the times the dough may be beaten out, but after a few times it begins to break instead of spread. This injures it, and an interval should be allowed for the dough to lose its toughness. The air in the hollows beaten into the dough makes it very light, and white and flaky

Modern innovators on the preceding practice add a teaspoonful of soda sifted into the flour and mix up with buttermilk, beating besides in the regular manner.

There are few things more generally acceptable in some localities than beaten biscuit rolled out very thin and fried.

So that if baking powder were banished from the culinary world for the sins of its makers there would still be cakes and ale as of old. If we may believe the advertisements there is one brand of powder that is pure and honest, but is not that reducing our means of safety to a very slender plank? For if by any accident a little of some other powder should get mixed with that one there would be a terrible state of affairs!

Baking Powder Bread.

He found her presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal, and barley-meal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all other delicacies which

induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and buttermilk, was placed for the Baron's share of this repast.—*Waverly—Chap. XII.*

I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles.—*Dr. Johnson.*

603. Baking Powder Biscuit.

- 2 pounds or quarts of flour.
- 4 ounces of melted lard or butter.
- 4 teaspoonfuls of powder.
- 1 " of salt.
- 1½ pints of tepid water or milk.

Mix the powder in the flour dry. Place the melted lard in a hollow in the middle, the salt and water or milk with that, and stir around, drawing the flour in gradually so as to make a smooth, soft dough. Turn out on the floured table. Press the dough out flat with the hands, fold it over again and again and press out till it is compact, even, and smooth. Let stand 5 minutes. Roll out and cut into biscuits. Bake immediately.

Of all the atrocious frauds in the way of bread perhaps the worst is the baking-powder biscuit of unskillful cooks, sometimes found in boarding houses and low-priced restaurants. The compulsory spoiling of biscuit through excessive economy of ingredients may be pardonable in the cooks, but the atrocity of spoiling them with too much richness and wrong way of working, never. Such biscuit are yellow, dirty on the bottom, greasy to the touch; they have rough sides, no edges, for they rise tall and narrowing towards the top; they are wrinkled and freckled and ugly; they will not part into white and eatable flakes or slices, but tumble in brittle crumbs from the fingers, and eat like smoked sawdust. Strange, that the same materials should make things so different as these and good biscuit.

Biscuit dough should be made up soft. The shortening should be melted and added to the fluid milk—warm, to insure thorough incorporation.

The private house way of kneading the dough up into dumpling shape, perpetually breaking the layers and making the parted edges take up too much flour, is the wrong way that ruins biscuit. The right way is given in the receipt.

604. Baking Powder Bread.

Because we in hotels are accustomed to make every article as rich as is allowed it should not be forgotten that shortening is by no means essential to make good biscuit, and the preceding receipt for biscuit is just right for loaves of baking powder

bread if the shortening be left out.

605.

Imitation French Rolls, with Baking Powder.

"Vienna Rolls."

- 2 pounds or quarts of flour.
- 4 heaping teaspoonfuls of powder.
- 2 " " of sugar.
- 1 " " of salt.
- 4 tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, melted.
- 2 yolks of eggs.
- 1 large pint of milk.

See directions for biscuit and make this dough same way. After it has stood a few minutes to lose its springiness make into split rolls. Cutting out is the quickest, and best for baking powder dough. See directions for French rolls. Brush over with melted lard in the pans. Let stand 20 minutes to rise, if convenient. Bake as usual.

When a seidlitz, or any effervescent powder is dropped into a glass of water the gas produced rushes to the top and immediately escapes, but if a portion of a raw egg be mixed in the water first, or some dissolved gum arabic, it catches and holds the gas on top in the form of froth, as in soda syrups. The same effect in some degree is observable when an egg is mixed in baking-powder bread. A film is formed that holds the air, the dough may be allowed a few minutes to become lighter, and the rolls are more spongy than if made without.

Repetition, if odious to the thorough reader, is unavoidable in a cook book, where people seeking but one article will overlook all else.

606. ow Flake Rolls or Biscuit.

Another way of using powder by working it into the dough. Worth practicing. Very white.

- 2 pounds or quarts of flour.
- 4 heaping teaspoonfuls of powder.
- 1 do do of salt.
- 2 basting-spoonfuls of melted lard.
- 1 large pint of milk.

Mix up like biscuit but only put in a fourth part of the powder. Mix the rest with a handful of flour and sprinkle it over the dough every time that it is pressed out to a sheet. Knead long and well. Let stand awhile. Cut out thin. They rise.

607. Buttermilk Sweet Rolls.

Cheap and off-hand. Often made at stage stations and village inns.

- 2 pounds of flour.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda.
- 4 ounces of butter.
- 4 ounces of sugar. Salt.
- 2 eggs and 2 yolks more.
- 1 large pint of buttermilk.

Sift the soda in the flour. Mix all the other articles with the buttermilk. Make up like biscuit or Vienna rolls. Glaze or sugar over when baked.

The yellow specks in the crust for which the soda is blamed are oftener due to the particles of curd of sour milk, which brown quickly in the oven. If you use "clabber," pass it through a sieve first.

Corn Bread, Corn Muffins, Batter Cakes, Etc., Etc.

The perfect receipts for all needful preparations of corn meal appeared in these columns some time ago, and can be found in their place among these "breads" by means of the index.

608. Some Yeast-Raised Cakes.

There was a table covered with cakes made in a variety of emblematical shapes * * * representations of crosses, fonts, books, and one huge cake in the centre in the form of a bishop's mire.—*Dumas*.

Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of rice; rice? What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her the mistress of the feast and she lays it on! I must have *saffron* to color the warden pies, (pear pies), mace, dates; nutmegs seven, a race or two of ginger, (but that I may beg); four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins of the sun.—*Shakspeare's Winter's Tale*.

In bluff King Henry VIII's days * * * the seasoning of dishes was strong and pungent; *saffron* being a predominating ingredient in them.—*Mary Jewry*.

Large dishes of rice, boiled to perfection, fowls, and meat cooked in every manner possible, all dishes *highly colored with saffron*, and very much flavored with mint.—*A Persian Garden Party, 1879*.

While endeavoring to observe and respect the distinction between solid instruction and mere opinion we must say that the practice of yeast-raised cakes ought to be far more general among American pastrycooks and bakers than it is. The dreary repetition of middling pound cake and poor sponge cake, with a sorry variation or two, might with advantage be broken up by the introduction of some of the sorts which great cooks of old used to set before the king. That was before cooks began to begrudge a little work in behalf of excellence.

In the European countries where they cannot afford to be so extravagant as we are, when there is to be a festival, the first thing the managers do is, go to the baker, either buy enough light dough, and some notable housekeeper makes it into cheap but good cake for the multitude, or else the baker himself gets the contract. In this way plum cake itself becomes a cheap treat, while still richer and far more delicate varieties are made for the wealthy by the same general method with difference of degree.

It is conceded that some practice is necessary to make these cakes perfectly, for the exact time when they are ready for the oven can only be known by observation. But as far as can be, the directions here following will be found effectual, and make the practice easy.

609. Scotch Seed Cake.

Takes five hours time to make, raise, and bake, using dough to begin with.

2 pounds of light-bread dough.

12 ounces of sugar.

12 ounces of butter.

4 eggs.

1 teaspoonful of carraway seeds.

8 ounces of flour.

Weigh out the dough at 7 in the morning. Set it with the butter and sugar in a warm place. At about 9 work all together and beat in the eggs one at a time, and add the carraway. Give it another half hour to stand and become smooth, then add the flour and give the whole ten minutes beating. It makes a stiff batter—not dough.

Put it in two buttered cake moulds. Rise about an hour. It should not be too light, bake as you would bread, in a slack oven, less than an hour.

610. Cheapest Cake Without Eggs.

2 pounds of light-bread dough.

8 ounces of sugar.

8 ounces of butter.

1 teaspoonful of carraway seeds.

1 pound of flour.

The difference between this and the preceding kind is that this makes a soft dough, to be handled and kneaded like bread, then baked in moulds. Brush over with a little melted lard when setting to rise.

These raised cakes are like fresh bread, cannot be sliced till a day or two old, without waste.

Once upon a time, so they say, an economical man fitted out his cow with a pair of green glass spectacles, and thus induced her to eat shavings, which looked like hay.

In the warm, moist gardens of the south of England the camomile flowers make pretty borders, and saffron grows like a weed. An infusion of saffron gives the color of eggs to cake, and the people who are glad there to sell their new-laid eggs are very well content with the substitute.

Perhaps saffron also gives something of the taste of eggs. Italian vermicelli is colored with it.

611. Cornish Saffron Cake.

The miner's dinner-pail cake in the region of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, as well as Penzance and Lands End.

2 pounds of light dough.

6 ounces of sugar.

8 ounces of butter or poultry fat.

8 ounces of dried cherries, or raisins.

Half cup of strong saffron tea.

1 pound of flour.

Mix up like Scotch seed cake, manage and bake same as bread. One or two eggs improves the cake.

612. Election Cake.

Make the Scotch seed cake but with 1 pound of seeded or seedless raisins and half cupful of brandy and flavorings, and omit the carraway seeds.

613. Polish Cake. Baba.

Requires 5 hours time to make, raise and bake.

1 pound of good, light roll dough.

1½ pounds of butter.

6 ounces of sugar.

14 eggs.

1 pound of flour.

8 ounces of raisins.

6 ounces of currants.

4 ounces of citron.

Half cup of brandy.

Lemon and nutmeg extracts.

These cakes made with dough are all started alike. Warm the dough, butter and sugar together, mix and then set away half an hour, when the ingredients can be mixed better; then beat in the eggs two at a time and handfuls of flour alternately. Beat well; rise 2 hours. Beat again, add the flavorings, brandy and fruit. Line the cake moulds with buttered paper. Let the batter rise in the moulds about 2 hours, then bake, about an hour.

614. Savarin Cake.

The preceding without the fruit. Used hot as a cake pudding with liqueur sauce. With dough from the breakfast rolls at 7 o'clock it can be made ready for midday dinner.

A French authority says Kauglauff or Kugeloff, is a general name in German for all cakes made with yeast. Perhaps the common term "coffee cake" is but the attempt of English speaking tongues at "Kauglauff." The cheapest and commonest coffee cake has been described as a warm bread several columns back. We now give two varieties that are really rich cakes by the same name.

615. German Kauglauff.

1 pound of light dough.

1 pound of flour.

1 pound of butter.

6 ounces of sugar.

1 pound of currants.

8 whole eggs and 8 yolks.

Half cup of milk or cream.

Extract of lemon.

Ground cinnamon.

Mix up like Polish cake, the cream and currants last, and rise in the moulds.

When done pass a brush dipped in sugar and milk over the cakes and dredge them with the ground cinnamon mixed with sugar. Use to slice cold.

616. Vienna Cake or Kauglauff.

1 pound of light dough.

22 ounces of butter.

8 ounces of sugar.

15 eggs.

20 ounces of flour.

Half pint of cream.

Half cup of brandy.

1 pound of almonds.

Mix up and beat and raise according to preceding directions. Blanch and split the almonds and mix half of them in the cake; use the remainder to stick all over the moulds with butter before the dough is put in. These mixtures all make the dough like fritter batter, just thick enough for almonds, fruit, etc., not to sink.

Shred citron or candied orange peel, pistachio nuts and the like are added at option. Sometimes the cakes are served hot, separated into layers with a sharp knife, and jelly spread between.

617. Yeast-Raised Plum Cake.

The slowest to rise. Use the liveliest dough, and in winter it had better be saved over night and mixed up with the main part of the ingredients; add the fruit next morning, and bake after dinner.

2 pounds of light bread dough.

1 pound of black molasses and sugar, mixed.

1 pound of butter.

6 eggs.

12 ounces of flour.

1 ounce of mixed ground spices.

1½ pounds of seedless raisins.

1 pound of currants.

8 ounces of citron.

Brandy, and lemon extract.

Warm the dough and all the ingredients slightly. Mix well, except the fruit and brandy. Beat the batter, and set to rise in the mixing pan about 3 hours. Beat again and add the fruit, previously floured. Line the moulds with buttered paper, half fill and set to rise again about 2 hours. Bake from one hour to two, according to size. Large cakes should have a coating of paper tied outside the moulds to protect the crust during the two hours baking.

These cakes should not be turned out of the moulds till at least one day old.

Hotel pastry cooks who think yeast-raised cakes too tedious, should nevertheless remember that in some places no others are believed in, or allowed to be made, and these are simple enough after a few trials to learn the routine.

To clean seedless raisins, rub the fine stems off them with the hands and some flour mixed in, then stir around in a colander till the siftings all go through and leave the raisins clean.

618. Toast and Toasters.

Excuse me, Tom, but if I have a weakness it is for Yarmouth bloaters, *anchovy toast*, milk, chocolate, marmalade, hot rolls, and reindeer tongue *

* *.—*Lever & Tom Burke.*

I have remarked before that not one person in a thousand knows how to make good toast. The simplest dishes seem to be the ones oftenest spoiled. If, as is generally done, a thick slice of bread is hurriedly exposed to a hot fire, and the exterior of the bread is toasted nearly black, * * etc. *Henderson.*

There, you see, boys and girls, you had better make that toast right and not jam it down on the hot range top with gnashing of teeth so savagely. Not one in a thousand of you but knows how to make toast beautifully, but you have an invincible aversion to it; you think a person who will order toast a monster, that to be hated needs but to be seen; you want to know why such people can't eat all these nice hot breads and batter cakes, and you call them pet names which it will never do to put in print.

Of course you think it the cook's business to make toast, but that depends on circumstances, for toast must be made just as it is ordered, and one of the cooks is busy broiling beefsteak and ham to order and another is busy dishing up side dishes and frying fresh potatoes. Baking cakes and waffles and dishing up breads keeps another agoing, so somebody besides must make the toast. The vegetable cook might be hired with the understanding that toast making was one of the duties to be performed, and would do well at supper, but the two or three hours of breakfast is the vegetable cook's busiest time. It would not be so hard to make good toast if there was a place provided for it when the hotel kitchen is furnished and fitted up, but whoever in such a case ever thinks of that? Put it upon the cook and he must almost perforce bake the toast by panfuls in the oven, but no persons, if they can help themselves, will eat that except as milk toast. The broiler is full and has no room but for meats. There is only the range top left available and that must be kept so hot that there is little chance of being able to do good baking inside at the same time.

661. Lafayette Cake.

Two sheets of pound cake baked in two shallow baking pans. Spread one with jelly, place the other on top and ice it over. Mark it in oblongs before the icing gets quite dry.

662. Small Cream Cakes.

Drop the butter sponge cake mixture on greased baking pans. Let the cakes be about the size of silver dollars. They will run out thin. Dredge sugar on top with a dredger. Bake light. Spread pastry cream between two placed together.

663. Sugar Cake Made Without Eggs.

- 8 ounces of sugar.
- 4 ounces of butter.
- 1 large coffee cupful of milk.
- Nutmeg for flavor, or caraway seeds.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
- 1½ pounds of flour.

Mix up like biscuit, the butter melted and added to the milk with the sugar. Roll out and bake in a shallow pan. Brush over with milk before baking.

664. Cookies, Sugar Cakes. Best.

- 1 pound of sugar.
- 1 pound of butter.
- 12 eggs.
- 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
- Flour to make soft dough—3 pounds.

Cream the butter and sugar together the same as for pound cake. Beat the eggs and mix them in, then the powder, add some flavoring, then flour. Let the dough, after it has been worked smooth, stand a few minutes before rolling it out. Sift sugar over the sheet of dough before cutting out the cakes.

665. Cookies, Common.

- 1 pound of sugar.
- 8 ounces of butter.
- 6 eggs.
- 1 cupful of milk.
- 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
- 2 pounds of flour.

666. Hard Cookies or Sweet Crackers.

To cut in fancy shapes. They do not spread or lose form.

- 12 ounces of powdered sugar.
- 6 ounces of butter.
- 6 eggs.
- Half cupful of milk.
- 1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
- 2 pounds of flour.
- Lemon or cinnamon extract to flavor.

667. White Cocoanut Cookies and Small Cakes

Make the cake mixture number 15 and add grated or desiccated cocoanut to it. Roll out with a little more flour and cut small cookies. Sugar over the tops before baking. The same may also be baked in muffin rings and iced on top with cocoanut mixed in the icing.

668. German Cookies.

Make cookies of either of the mixtures, and after placing in pans egg them over with a brush and sprinkle on them chopped almonds mixed with gravel sugar. Bake light colored. Gravel sugar is the small lumps from crushed sugar sifted through a colander.

669. Jumbles.

Are cookies in ring shapes, of various degrees of richness of mixture. Commonly they are only cut in rings with a ring cutter; properly they should be made with a sack and tube.

Take a lady-finger tube and file the edge into saw teeth and press out the jumble dough in a ribbed cord, of which form rings on the baking pans. The cooky mixtures may be used, or this:

- 1 pound of sugar.
- 12 ounces of butter.
- 8 eggs. Flavor of lemon or orange.
- 2 pounds or little less of flour.
- No powder.

670. Ginger Snaps, Rich Kind.

- 8 ounces of butter.
- 8 ounces of white sugar.
- 3 eggs.
- 1 to 2 ounces of ground ginger.
- 1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
- 1½ pounds of flour.

Make same way as cookies. Sift granulated sugar over the sheet of dough and run the rolling pin over to make it adhere before cutting out the cakes.

671. Grantham Ginger Snaps, English.

- 12 ounces of white sugar.
- 8 ounces of butter.
- 8 eggs.
- 1 teacupful of milk—small.
- 2 ounces of ground ginger.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
- 1½ pounds of flour.

Mix up in the usual way for cookies. Sift sugar over before cutting out the cakes.

It is generally best to make the dough for all kinds of cookies and sugar cake as soft as it can possibly be rolled out. Different persons make very different

cakes of these sorts from the same receipts, and the common fault is too much flour in the dough. The baking powder too is responsible for some of the changes. With too much powder the cakes run into each other and lose the good round shape they ought to have.

672. Brown Ginger Cookies, Good Common.

8 ounces of butter.
8 ounces of sugar.
8 ounces of black molasses.
4 eggs.
2 ounces of ground ginger.
Half cupful of milk or water.
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
2 pounds of flour, or enough to make soft dough.
Mix the ingredients in the order they are printed in. Roll out and cut with a small cutter.

673. Ginger Nuts without Eggs.

8 ounces of butter.
8 ounces of sugar.
8 ounces of molasses.
2 teaspoonfuls of ground ginger.
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
Flour to make soft dough.
Warm the butter, sugar and molasses together and mix them well, when nearly cold again add the ginger, powder and flour. Roll pieces of the dough in long thin rolls and cut off in pieces large as cherries. Place on buttered pans with plenty of room between. Bake light.

674. Sugar Cakes without Eggs.

8 ounces of butter.
8 ounces of sugar.
8 ounces of water—a cupful.
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
1½ pounds of flour to mix, and more to roll out.
Mix in the order they are printed. The softer the dough can be handled the better the cakes will be. Sift sugar over before cutting out.

675. Brandy Snaps.

1 pound of flour.
8 ounces of butter.
8 ounces of sugar.
2 ounces of ground ginger.
Lemon extract to flavor.
1 teaspoonful of soda—rounded measure.
1½ pounds of light molasses.
Rub the butter into the flour as in making short paste, and add the ginger. Make a hole in the middle of the flour and put in the sugar, molasses and extract; dissolve the soda in a spoonful of water

and add it to the rest. Stir all together, drawing in the flour gradually while stirring.

Drop this batter with a teaspoon on baking pans --they need not be greased—and bake in a slack oven. The snaps run out flat and thin. Take them off before they get cold and bend them to round or tubular shape on a new broom handle.

676. Soft Ginger Nuts.

Make the dough as for brandy snaps, and add to it 8 ounces more flour. Roll it out to a thick sheet and cut out with a small cutter.

681. How to Make Stock Yeast.

There are two parts to this process, requiring about 5 days time before new ferment can be made from the new stock. But as stock will keep at least a month and much longer if bottled and kept in the ice-house, the trouble does not recur very often. The first part is:

682. Bottle Yeast. The Beginning of Yeast.

Get a strong quart bottle, an ale or champagne bottle will do. Make some strong hop tea by boiling a large handful of hops in a quart of water, cool it and strain it into the bottle, squeezing the hops dry to get the full strength. The bottle must only be two-thirds full. Then put into the bottle, besides, two handfuls of ground malt and one handful of sugar. Shake up, cork, and tie the cork down with twine, like ginger-pop. Set the bottle on a warm shelf in a corner of the kitchen where it will not be disturbed and will not be in danger of getting too warm in the heat of the day. Let it stand there from 44 to 48 hours, by which time it will be yeast on a small scale, ready to start fermentation in the stock itself.

683. Second Part. Stock Yeast.

The bottle having stood long enough—or two days after corking it down—make about 2 gallons of hop tea by putting a pail of water into a kettle with a lot of hops—nearly a pound—and boiling them about an hour with a lid on the kettle. Put 2 pounds of flour into a large jar, pan, or keg and strain some of the boiling hop water into it—enough to wet and scald the flour thoroughly when stirred up; when there are no more lumps in the flour strain in all the rest of the hop water and cool it with a piece of ice. After that put in a quart of coarse ground malt and ½ pound of sugar. When this mixture is no more than milk warm take the bottle yeast, hold the neck downwards and carefully draw the cork—which will come out like the cork

from a bottle of champagne—and mix the two together. Set the jar or keg containing the stock in a warm corner where it may ferment undisturbed, and in a day and a half or two days afterwards the stock will be ready to start ferment with, as has already been directed at number 512.

222. Candy for Christmas Toys, Etc.

2 pounds of granulated sugar.
1 pint, or rather less, of water.
1 large teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic.
1 level teaspoonful of cream of tartar.
Flavoring.

Dissolve the powdered gum in the water made warm for the purpose. Then add to the gum-water the sugar and cream of tartar and set on to boil. Do not stir the syrup after it is once well mixed. It should boil about 15 minutes. Then try it by dropping a little in cold water. When the lump retains its shape pretty well and can be worked between the fingers like gum paste it is ready. Pour it into the shallow plaster of paris molds, either oiled or wetted to make doll figures, or figures of animals, fishes, etc., etc.

This, if cast without being stirred, makes clear candy, but to have it white and opaque stir the candy in the kettle giving it only from 10 to 20 turns with a spoon, before pouring it out. The flavoring oil may be added while stirring. Should the candy set in the kettle add water and make it hot again, with care that the candy does not immediately begin to burn to caramel.

223. Rose Cream Candy.

The same ingredients and proportions as the preceding receipt. Boil to the same degree. Then take the kettle from the fire, let it stand 5 minutes to lose some of its heat, and red coloring enough to make it pink, and a few drops of rose extract. Have a buttered dish ready, stir the candy rapidly with a spoon till it begins to change its bright appearance to a dull color, that is a sign of setting, then pour it immediately into the dish.

224. Lemon Cream Candy.

The same as rose cream candy. Flavor with oil of lemon and use no coloring. This is as white as cake icing.

225. Chocolate Cream Drops.

These are lumps of cream candy coated by being dipped in melted chocolate.

Make white cream candy by the method described

for rose cream candy, but flavor it with vanilla if at all. Pour it hot into plaster of paris molds if you have them, making hazelnut sizes of drops. If no molds form the candy when nearly cold with the fingers, then taking them on a fork dip each piece in a bowl of chocolate, either common or sweet vanilla, melted by being set on the side of the range, and set the drops on buttered pans to cool and dry. Other shapes besides drops can of course be made in the same manner. The boiled icings or glaze elsewhere described when left over from icing cakes can also be formed into cream drops and coated by dipping in melted chocolate, and so likewise can be used the common cake icing and macaroon mixtures that may be left over from their first purpose.

226. Cocoanut Candy.

Turn to receipt number 222, take the same ingredients and boil the candy to a degree a little nearer the brittle stage; take it from the fire and put in 1 pound of fresh grated cocoanut. Stir rapidly to thoroughly mix, then pour the candy thinly in a buttered dish. When using desiccated cocoanut which has no moisture to reduce the candy to thinness boil the candy only to the point named in the first receipt and the same as for cream candies.

227. Almond Candy.

1 pound or a little less of almonds blanched and split.

2 pounds of granulated sugar.
1 pint scant of water.
1 large teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic.
1 level teaspoonful of cream of tartar.
Rose extract to slightly flavor.

Dissolve the gum in the water made warm, add the sugar and cream tartar and boil without stirring 15 or 20 minutes. When a drop in cold water sets nearly hard so that it can only just be pressed flat between the finger and thumb take the kettle off the fire. Drop the flavoring by spots over the surface, give the candy only one or two turns with a spoon to mix it in, then pour it into slightly buttered pans, in thin sheets. Push the split almonds into the warm candy with the fingers. Mark it before it gets cold for breaking by rolling over it the edge of a thin dinner plate. Sliced cocoanut can be used instead of almonds.

228. Stick Candy.

Make and boil the same as in the preceding receipt without the almonds. Pour the candy, or a portion of it, without stirring on to a marble slab. Drop flavoring over it when partly cooled, cut in strips and roll into round sticks.

229. White Sugar Candy to Pull.

1 pound of white sugar.
A small half pint of water.
A half teaspoonful of cream tartar.
1 ounce of butter.

Oil of peppermint or lemon or other flavoring.

Boil all together, except the flavoring, about 15 minutes. Try by dropping a little in cold water. It must set hard to be done. Do not stir it at all, but pour on a buttered dish and flavor when cool enough to handle. Pull it till it is quite white.

230. Peanut Candy.

1 pound of sugar.
8 ounces of peanuts.

Make the peanuts hot in the oven. Set the sugar over the fire in a kettle to melt without any water. Stir it a little. When it is all melted and of the color of golden syrup or light molasses mix in the peanuts, pour the candy into a buttered shallow pan and when nearly cold cut it into strips and blocks.

231. Hickory nut and almond candy is made in the above manner, and will be better with a pound of the nuts instead of half a pound. In the same manner with a pound of grated cocoanut a brown variety may be made to match the white and red cocoanut caramels (called also cocoanut cakes and cocoanut gems) described at number 151. Nougat is the French name of nut candies made by melting the sugar without water as in the foregoing receipts.

232. Nougat Baskets—Corbeilles de Noix.

The hickory nut, almond, pecan, or cocoanut candies made as directed for peanut candy may be pressed while cooling into basket shapes of tin or crockery ware, and sticks and twists of the same placed for handles and borders. Very small baskets formed in fancy gem pans are used to fill with strawberries or other articles for ornamental purposes on set supper tables. For this purpose the proportion of nuts may be increased to $1\frac{1}{2}$ or even 2 pounds to 1 pound of sugar.

233. Almond Taffy.

Called in England Everton taffy, after a town of that name.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of brown sugar.
8 ounces of best fresh butter.
1 teacupful of vinegar and water—about half and half.

8 to 12 ounces of almonds.

Scald and peel the almonds, split them and spread them evenly on two large dishes slightly buttered. Boil the other ingredients together about 15 or 20 minutes. Shake them together at first but do not

stir. When a drop of the candy sets quite hard and brittle in cold water take it from the fire and pour it evenly all over the almonds, only just deep enough to cover them. This kind cannot be stirred nor pulled, as the butter separates from the sugar which then turns grainy.

234. Caramels, Plain or Maple.

Make the candy of the preceding receipt, omitting the almonds. When it has cooled on the dishes mark it in squares with the edge of a dinner plate rolled over it, and when cold cut the markings through, making little square blocks.

For maple caramels use maple sugar in the same way.

235. Chocolate Caramels.

1 pound of sugar—either brown or white will do
1 ounce of butter.

Half cup of milk.

2 ounces of grated chocolate.

Vanilla flavoring.

Set the milk, butter and sugar on to boil, and stir in the grated chocolate and flavoring. After that do not stir the mixture again or it will go to sugar in the dish. Boil about 10 minutes. When a drop in cold water sets rather hard but not brittle pour the candy into a dish well buttered. Mark in little square blocks when set. Warm the dish or tin tray a little if the candy sticks.

236. Molasses Candy to Pull.

1 large coffee cupful of molasses.

12 ounces of sugar, either brown or white.

One-third of a cupful of vinegar.

Half cupful of water.

1 ounce of butter.

Put all in a kettle and boil 15 or 20 minutes. Try in cold water. It must boil till the drops set brittle and fairly snap between the fingers. Then pour it on buttered plates. Pull.

237. Molasses candy if not pulled but merely allowed to set on dishes is improved by having about a half teaspoonful of soda stirred in after it has been taken from the fire and before it is poured out. Flavorings may be added at the same time

238. Chocolate Candy to Pull.

8 ounces of sugar.

8 ounces of light colored molasses or syrup.

Half cupful of cream.

1 ounce of grated chocolate.

Vanilla to flavor.

Boil the cream, molasses and sugar together about 15 minutes, then throw in the chocolate and boil till the candy sets brittle in cold water. Pour on dishes, flavor when cold enough to handle, and pull.



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SCRAPS ABOUT EDIBLES.

A Typical American Dish.

The American edible clam of the Atlantic seaboard is not much larger than our scallop or scollop. Raw, it does duty for the oyster 'au naturel,' and in this simple condition it was likewise devoured by the Romans, vinegar being sometimes replaced by oxymel. When clams were eaten cooked, the disciples of Apicius and Lucullus placed the molluscs in a new stewpan with a little oil, sweet wine, and pepper. The coction was completed over a slow fire, and before serving much more pepper was added to the stew. Mrs. Hales—the Miss Acton of the United States—gives minute directions for frying, stewing, and steaming both hard and soft shell-clams, and for making clam-fritters; but, oddly enough, she omits any mention of clam-chowder. The observant M. Urbain Dubois, however, in his "Cosmopolitan Cookery," gives a sufficiently lucid "aperçu" of clam-chowder; only he treats it as a "potage." "Clam-chowder soup," the German Kaiser's chef tell us, is made from the chopped flesh of clams placed in a well-buttered stewpan, and "accommodated" with onions blanched and minced, and a bunch of aromatics, salt, pepper, nutmeg, cayenne, and mace, the whole moistened with a sufficiency of wine and fish-broth. Prior to serving the soup is to be thickened with a handful of bruised "crackers," and fortified—for a mess of five dozen clams—with a bottle of Rhine wine. This is nearly, but not quite, the genuine article. M. Dubois has omitted an integral component of chowder, the pork. To find the "norma," or original basis, of chowder, we must go back to the venerable Mrs. Hannah Glasse, in whose culinary "Novum Organum," and under the heading of "A Cheshire Pork Pye for Sea," to which she specially directs the attention of master-mariners, there will be found the real foundation of chowder. "Take," says Hannah, some salt pork which has been boiled; cut it into thin slices; an equal quantity of potatoes, pared, and cut thin; lay a layer of pork seasoned with pepper, and a layer of potatoes; then another layer of pork, and so on till your pye is full. Then add more pepper, lay some butter on the top, and fill your dish about half-full of soft water. Cover up close, and bake it in a gentle oven.

This is veritable chowder and in the British navy was, during many generations, extensively patronized by our gallant tars, by whom it was known as "sea-pie," and sometimes as "lobscouse." On the shores of New England, however, it was popularized as "chowder," and with the addition of the sand-clams, which were so amazingly popular, it became "clam-chowder."

The oyster beds of Puget Sound are just now at-

tracting attention. When railroad facilities are completed there is no reason why the northwestern section of the United States should not receive their oysters from this source. The gathering of oysters has been so far carried on by Indians, but lately white men have engaged in the business, and transplanting has taken place to the advantage of the oyster. Of late some very wonderful beds of oysters are described as being of unusual size, and though more meaty than those of the Atlantic coast, quite as well flavored.

A publication announces that there are daily eaten in London some thousands of the hind-quarters of frogs, "and truly delicious they are when nicely cooked in butter till of a rich brown color." We have never "spotted" the dish on a restaurant menu, and believe the statement to be incapable of verification. Apropos of frog-eating, however, we note that the Societe Protectrice des Animaux has issued a strong protest against the present mode of providing frogs for the dinner-table in France. It appears that the poor creatures when caught have the upper part of their legs, or edible portion of their bodies, ruthlessly cut off with a pair of shears. The frogs in their mutilated state being helpless, they are thrown aside. Numbers of them are stated to have been found eight or ten days after their mutilation crawling about on their fore-legs in a pitiable condition. The society, therefore, recommends that some plan of killing them in the first place should be adopted.

How to Cook a Canvasback Duck.

To roast a canvasback duck, pluck the duck except the wings and head. Cut off the wings. Draw the whole inside and windpipe. Put alcohol in a small flat pan; set fire to it, and hold the duck over it one minute. Clean the duck by rubbing with a dry cloth. Cut off the neck and head. Take the skin off the head and remove the eyes. Put the head inside the duck, with the end of the bill just sticking out; season inside with salt and pepper, and truss in the ordinary fashion. The web feet are not cut off. Roast on the spit for about fifteen minutes more or less, according to size.

To broil a canvas-back duck. Clean as for roasting. Split the duck on the back, season and anoint with sweet oil. Put the duck in a double gridiron with hinge. Cook over a very brisk fire for about twelve minutes. When placed on a dish pour over it melted butter, with lemon juice, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Canvasbacks should be served on hot plates.

At some hotels the strawberries stand from the beginning of the meal in glass dishes on the tables, smothered in pulverized sugar.

The codfish, when at home rambling through the submarine forests, does not wear his vest unbuttoned, as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States.

Turtle a la Chinoise.

The flesh of turtles forms almost the staple food of the natives of large districts in the tropics, and is cooked in several ways. No method of culinary preparation that we ever heard of, however, would be more likely to please both *gourmet* and *gourmand* than the one credited to the fastidious citizens of Pekin. If you follow it, you will take a live turtle that you have previously deprived of anything to drink long enough to render him exceedingly thirsty; you will place him in a caldron of cool water in such a position that his body will be immersed, but that he will be unable to get his mouth down to it; at the side of the kettle, within reach of his turtleship, you will then place a bowl of cool and spicy wine. This done, set the caldron on the fire, and observe with glee the enrichment of your noble repast. Urged by thirst, the turtle eagerly drinks the wine; and as the slowly heating water in which he floats grows hotter and hotter, his thirst increases, and he drinks deeper and deeper of the wine, until suddenly he is boiled, and dies, full of wine, and fragrant through the uttermost fibers of his unctuous flesh with the rich condiment he has so plentifully imbibed. Luxury and art have reached their acme!—*Harper's Bazar*.

In the course of a conversation with a dealer in game, a Philadelphia Press reporter learned that within a few weeks past, since the advent of cold weather, a few venturesome spirits residing in that city decided to thoroughly test the value of the meat of the rat as an article of diet. The rodents had been caught and caged while young, and fed carefully upon grain and green food. The rats thrived upon the diet and their silky coats gave evidence of a thoroughly healthful condition. At the meal in question they had been carefully prepared, and were served with other viands. The flesh, after cooking, was found to be quite light in color, much more so than either the rabbit or the squirrel, and possessing a delicacy of flavor entirely unknown to either of the last mentioned animals. The experiment proved entirely successful and a diet of rats prepared under proper conditions was voted to be practical and economical.

Middle aged travelers can remember when native oysters were sold in London at sixpence per dozen; now they are thought cheap at six times the money, and it is a singular fact that they are at this moment dearer in London than they were in Rome

when the Emperor Vitellius devoured them all day long, and Cicero sustained his philosophy by swallowing scores of the Rutupine luxuries brought from the coast of Kent.

Arcachon, in France, is justly celebrated for its oysters, for in fact a great part of our so-called natives are brought from there, kept one season in our English beds, and then sold under the name they have but little right to bear. The bay is full of "oyster parks," to each of which a floating domicile belongs, tenanted by a guardian always on the watch.

In Norway, where fish is prepared with much ingenuity in many ways, they make flour of the flesh of the fish ground to powder. It is used instead of rice and potatoes, and the biscuits made from it are said to be extremely nutritious.

The Duke of Sutherland, when visiting America, last summer, was so much delighted with the flavor of the black bass as served up by one of the Clan Chattan, Mr. John Sutherland, of New York city, that he made great efforts to secure live specimens for stocking a lake in his County of Sutherlandshire. Mr. George Shepherd Page, President of the American Piscicultural Association, took out a number in the steamship Spain, at the end of April, which reached Sutherlandshire alive and well. Mr. Page was invited to visit the Duke at Dunrobin Castle, where he has reported most favorably on the chances of naturalizing this fine fish in Scotland.

Winter Scenes.

No more the wildwood cheers our eyes
With eglantine and aster,
No more the kine do lick the flies
That tease them in the pastur'.
No more are rural maids employed
In mashes with the "utter,"
But well they fill the aching void
With buckwheat cakes and butter.

It is about now that the comic oyster winks with his pearly shell and laughs inside of himself in anticipation at the fun he will have at some coming church or Sunday school festival. Swimming around all alone in ten gallons of soup, boss of the whole thing, and not liable to get caught by hungry ladders. But it's tew bad.

According to a Baltimore epicure, a highly satisfactory stuffing for a duck, whether canvasback or redhead, is made by grating enough bread to fill the bird, moisten it with cream or with milk, in which put a tablespoonful of melted butter; season with salt, pepper, etc., the rind of a lemon, a table-

spoonful of chopped celery and the yolk of an egg. If the flavor of an oyster is to you delectable, he says, add a few raw oysters whole. A strip of bacon placed over the breast of the roasting duck gives a delicate, almost imperceptible flavor, and prevents it becoming dry.

It is asserted that the nutritiousness of apples has never been properly appreciated and that they are far more nourishing than potatoes. Cornish workmen say that they can work better on baked apples than on potatoes. There is a dish in Cornwall called squab pie, made of mutton with slices of potato apple and onion, and, strange as it may seem to many, it is excellent. Cornwall is the county for meat pies, as the miners carry their dinners with them in that form.

London is eating dried bananas and declares they are delicious. They come from Jamaica, where the method has been patented. Fruit prepared twelve months ago retains its flavor to a remarkable degree. The banana is cut in half lengthwise and subjected to slow drying, which prevents fermentation and decay. It is thought these dried bananas are to open up a new and important industry. They can be made into wine, eaten as they are, or cooked.—*Ex.*

Dried bananas are common at the street vendors' fruit stands in Chicago.

Soups, according to Sir Henry Thompson, whether clear or thick, are far too lightly esteemed by most classes. They are too often regarded as a mere prelude to a meal, to be swallowed hastily or discarded altogether.

Among the palatable soups of the period is a bisque of crabs, but seldom is it prepared by the card.

Egg plant is a vegetable susceptible of being sent to the table in a dozen different styles and ways.

A Boston paper gives this as the way to make Lancashire pie: "Take cold beef or veal, chop and season as for hash; have ready hot mashed potatoes, seasoned as if for the table, and put in a shallow baking dish first a layer of meat, then a layer of potatoes, and so on, till the dish is heaping full; smooth over top of potatoes, and make little holes in which place bits of butter, bake until a nice brown."

The exportation of frozen meat from New Zealand to England has become successful beyond the expectations of its projectors. Recent sales of mutton have been especially satisfactory; indeed it appears

that the value of a sheep is nearly doubled by conveying its carcass from Dunedin to London.

What Tripe Is.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Occasionally you see a man order tripe at a hotel, but he always looks hard, as though he hated himself and everybody else. He tries to look as though he enjoyed it, but he does not. Tripe is indigestible, and looks like an India rubber apron for a child to sit on. When it is pickled it looks like dirty clothes put to soak, and when it is cooking it looks as though the cook was boiling a dish cloth. On the table it looks like glue and tastes like a piece of old silk umbrella cover. A stomach that is not lined with corrugated iron would be turned wrong side out by the smell of tripe. A man eating tripe at a hotel table looks like an Arctic explorer dining on his boots or chewing pieces of frozen dog. You cannot look at a man eating tripe but he will blush and look as though he wanted to apologize and convince you he is taking it to tone up his system. A woman never eats tripe. There is not money enough in the world to hire a woman to take a corner of a sheet of tripe in her teeth and try to pull off a piece. Those who eat tripe are men who have had their stomachs play mean tricks on them, and they eat tripe to get even with their stomachs, and then they go and take a Turkish bath to sweat it out of their system. Tripe is a superstition handed down from a former generation of butchers, who sold all the meat and kept the tripe for themselves and the dogs, but the dogs of the present day will not eat tripe. You throw a piece of tripe down in front of a dog and see if he does not put his tail between his legs and go off and hate you. Tripe may have a value, but it is not as food. It may be good to fill in a burglar-proof safe, with the cement and chilled steel, or it might answer to use as a breast plate in the time of war, or it would be good to use for bumpers between cars, or it would make a good face for the weight of a pile driver, but when you come to smuggle it into the stomach you do wrong. Tripe! Bah! A piece of Turkish towel soaked in axle grease would be pie compared with tripe.

Redsnapper loses its fine flavor by being sent North on ice, and is best eaten where it is caught, say epicures.

Roast grouse are often ruined by being allowed to stand after being taken from the fire, and thus become dry and parched. All game tastes best that is sent immediately from the fire to the dinner table.

Terrapin croquettes are something made by certain Philadelphia caterers to perfection, and as

made by them constitute a dish fit to set before the king.

Mushrooms Not Poisonous.

People must talk and write paragraphs, but one that is now going the rounds should not be allowed to raise a new prejudice against the delicious and and wholesome edible mushroom, that is but just beginning to be appreciated in this country. The statement is made and backed up with some foreign name of a doctor that mushrooms are poisonous always; that the water they are boiled in is more poisonous; that mushrooms in the raw state are most poisonous, and their poisonous properties do not depart from them until they are dried and kept a certain number of days. It does not say whether they are to be dried in the dark of the moon or not. But the statement goes on that a dog fed on mushrooms died in a certain number of days from their effects. We do not know about the dog, there being no witnesses named, but think we could have killed him with peaches and cream, or peach and honey, or rock and rye, or almost any other thing besides mushrooms, if we had had a motive for it. It is not long since we read that a dog died because it was fed so many days on bread. Still, we have not given up eating bread. It has also been stated that the bread we eat is more or less poisonous, so is the meat, so is the air, the water, the paper on the walls, the paste it is put on with, the soap we use, the coffee, tea, flavoring extracts, tobacco, but they seem to be amazingly slow in operation. Some poisons are really quite wholesome and pleasant. Arsenic, as is well known, is quite extensively eaten for its fattening properties, and mushrooms cannot certainly be any worse than arsenic. That they are not is shown in their consumption in large quantities daily in the hotels and restaurants; and the sauces are made with the liquor they are boiled in. The customers make meals of them, the cooks make meals of them—these are the canned. Fresh mushrooms are cooked and eaten all through the season when they are obtainable, and some kinds that are not true mushrooms are sold and bought and cooked and served with equal harmlessness. The writer has gathered mushrooms and eaten them raw, as children do, in the fields where they grew in abundance, and stole the ketchup before it was finished making and absorbed mushroom poison in every way, along with bread poison, coffee poison, and all the rest. There is no need of proving that all these things are not poisonous as long as they continue to prove wholesome and beneficial, and no need to prove that even those foreign named doctors are quite harmless as long as matters turn out so serious with the unhappy canines.

In England 200 years ago pies and pastries were made of all sorts of good things—artichokes, mar-

row, dates, raisins, figs and ginger—and it is related that Page invited Falstaff and his friends to a dinner of "hot venison pastry," wound up by "pippins and cheese."

The Various Frying Mixtures, from Olive Oil to Butter and Lard.

From The Caterer.

There are several oily and fatty substances used for frying, which we name in the order of their cost. Olive oil is almost exclusively used in olive-bearing countries as the cheapest frying material. Here it is quite costly and but little used, save by the wealthy or the epicure who prizes it for the olive flavor it communicates to food cooked in it. Others, again, dislike and reject it for the same reason. Clarified butter comes next in cost and is prepared as follows: Put the butter into an enameled saucepan and melt it gently over a clear fire; when it begins to simmer take it off the fire, skim well, let stand in a warm corner till the buttermilk or cheesy matter has settled, then pour it off steadily from the sediment, through fine muslin, into a stone or glass jar, cover and keep in a cool place. It is the best of all frying material and greatly superior to lard, in that the slight flavor it communicates is quite pleasant and appetizing.

A third preparation, a favorite with many of the best European cooks, and a genuine mixture, is composed of equal measure of olive oil, butter, veal suet and leaf lard. The butter is first melted and stirred into the other three, already mixed and melted; then it is strained into a stone pot and kept always in cold place, well covered. The combined flavor of the four ingredients is acceptable to almost all tastes.

Fresh butter comes next and is much to be preferred to lard, but it has one objectionable quality. On account of the buttermilk and salt it contains it scorches and burns when subjected to a high or long-continued heat. This renders it unfit for the cooking of many delicate dishes. This tendency can, however, be much lessened by rubbing the frying-pan with a small muslin bag filled with prepared bee suet.

Lard is the common, well-nigh universal frying material in America, because it is cheap and to be had in every nook and corner of the land. Its free use has caused many a dyspeptic stomach. If used at all only the best leaf lard should be employed and rendered out by steam or boiling water, so as to avoid the burnt taste it gets if rendered on the open fire.

There are times, no doubt, when a civilized man may eat liver and enjoy it; but these times occur but seldom, and to most persons never. To the shipwrecked mariner, tossed in his frail boat upon

the pitiless sea, the stock of old boots exhausted and all his companions eaten, then a small piece of off liver is not altogether unacceptable. (Said by one who doesn't know.)

An alleged new salad called Brussels is made of lobsters, oysters, chicken and tongue mixed with celery.

Salads and Salad-Making.

From London Society.

The obvious accompaniment to cold meats is salad, which may be truly said to fill the bowl which cheers but not inebriates. No wonder that, tradition tells us it takes three people to make a good salad; a sage, to contribute the salt; a miser, to add the vinegar, and a prodigal, to pour in the oil. To which may be added an untiring steam arm or electric motor, to stir up the mixture for an indefinite time. For, if "when taken, to be well shaken" is applicable to anything that enters the human stomach, it assuredly is to the assemblage of ingredients which go to make a finished salad. In default of an automatic mechanical salad-mixer, it is the host's duty to perform that task; and it is polite on his part to help himself first, because the best lies at the bottom of the bowl. *Fatiguer*, to fatigue the salad, is the French expressive description of how it ought to be turned over and over; so much so, that "*Je vais te faire la salade*" is a popular threat that a good drubbing instead of a good time, is coming. Another saying, "*Bataillons de salade*," battalions drawn promiscuously from divers and sundry corps of soldiers, is founded on the multiplicity of herbs eligible for the composition of a salad. The hemp plant was known as "*Salade de Gascogne*," Gascony salad, because it furnished ropes wherewith malefactors in the South of France were hanged. By such salad many a one has been choked, who previously had cultivated the cause of his death—thereby suffering a much worse malady than that implied by the proverb.

"Qui vin ne boit apres salade,
Est en danger d'estre malade."

"After salad take some wine,
And health with pleasure thus combine."

"Salad eaten, claret take,
And avoid a stomach-ache."

A glass of good Bordeaux or Burgundy wine, or even of pale ale, with or after salad, is a better, and to many people, a more agreeable digestive than pepper—white, black or red—mixed with the vegetables as seasoning.

Seagulls' eggs were served at a recent dinner in Halifax, given to some Government officials, and

were pronounced excellent. They were boiled hard and eaten with pepper.

Snails are not adequate in supply to the demand and are rapidly increasing in favor among our native epicures.

The Evolution of Bread.

Persons of extreme views are apt to maintain that all mankind, being normally savages, were as normally cannibals; but, leaving that moot question altogether on one side, it seems probable that humanity ate acorns long before they ate cereals or learned the art of making bread, and that the veneration entertained by the Druids of Gaul and Britain for the oak was due to the circumstance that its glands were the staple food of the people. Bread, properly so called, was transmitted by the Greeks to the Romans; and either the latter or the Phœnicians may have introduced the cultivation of corn into Gaul. While, however, the land was mainly covered with immense forests, a long time must have elapsed before the practice of eating acorns, chestnuts, and beech mast was abandoned, and even when corn was regularly grown, ripened and harvested, the grains were merely plucked from the ear and eaten raw or slightly parched. The next step was to infuse the grain in hot water for the making of a species of gruel or porridge, and a long time afterwards it may have occurred to some bright genius to pound the corn in a mortar or rub it to a powder between two stones. Subsequently came the handmill; but it was not until after the First Crusade that the windmill was introduced from the East, whither it had probably found its way from China. The first bread was evidently baked on the ashes and unleavened, and the intolerable pangs of indigestion brought on by a continual course of "galette" or "damper" may have suggested the use of a fermenting agent, which in the first instance was probably stale bread turned sour. Pliny has distinctly told us in his "Natural History" that the Gauls leavened their bread with yeast made from the lye of beer; yet, strangely enough, they abandoned the use of beer yeast, and did not resume it until the middle of the seventeenth century. Its revival in France made the fortune of many bakers; then the medical faculty sounded an alarm, declaring that yeast made from beer was poisonous. Its employment was prohibited by law in 1666, but the outcry raised by the bakers and the public was so vehement that in the following year the decree of prohibition was canceled, with proviso that the yeast was to be procured only from beer freshly brewed in Paris or the immediate neighborhood. Some form of fermented bread, however, the French had been eating for 1,600

years in contradistinction to the gruel and pulse-eating Italians and Levantines and the purely vegetarian Hindus.

American Pie.

The foreign visitor to these shores has, with very few exceptions, denounced pie as a deadly invention of some culinary Satan. He has gazed with mingled pity and horror upon the native pie-eater, and has often been tempted to stretch out a hand to save him from a life of suffering and dyspepsia. Coming from a nation where pie is treated with no less contempt than is bestowed by Herr Bismarck upon the inoffensive and salutary American hog, he is unable to understand by what unlucky chance the American people have become a nation of pie-eaters. Every disagreeable peculiarity of American society he attributes to pie. Pie is responsible for every variety of evil in our politics. Ruffianism and crime are due to pie, and pie, indeed, is the source of almost as many ills as "that forbidden fruit whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe." Yet in spite of foreign scorn and prejudice the pie habit survives and each year adds thousands and thousands to the adorers of pie. The American love for pie can never be conquered. It is the strongest proof of American birth. The person who does not eat pie is regarded by Americans with distrust, and foreigners who do eat it are hailed as brothers. The United States will experience a thrill of satisfaction and good feeling to hear that the Czar has ordered 1,000,000 pies for his coronation ceremonies. It will rejoice to learn that there is at least one foreign nation that does not share the hostility felt by other great powers toward pie. Russia and America have always been on friendly terms, but this gratifying proof that the Czar is alive to the beauty and excellence of pie will unite them in the strongest bonds of sympathy and good-will.

Something About Salad Oil.

N. Y. Sun.

The gourmand who carefully makes up his own dish of cool looking salad is very apt to be deceived into believing that the rich gold colored oil he pours upon it is from the land of olives. It is an almost even chance that it is from the land of cotton, for the sale of cotton seed oil for olive oil has become so extensive that the Italian Government has begun to take strong measures toward keeping the former product out of Italy, where it is taken in Italian vessels from New Orleans, to be bottled and labeled, and returned to this country, so that merchants can say that it is imported. But, to those who dread the substitution of cotton seed oil for olive oil, there

is comfort in the fact that the supply of the native product is limited, for planters whose lands are thin prefer to return the seed to them, and the cotton lands of the lower Mississippi, which do not need careful fertilizing, furnish the seed for the seventy cotton seed oil mills in the South. This enterprise is bound to remain confined to the South, for the seed is so bulky that transportation would not be profitable. That the manufacture of cotton seed oil, however, will increase is beyond doubt, as the raw seed goes through processes that nearly treble its value, and its oil is being used for paint and also for lubricating machinery.

An Incredible Story.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Not only has the intellect of the worm been sadly unappreciated for centuries till Mr. Darwin rehabilitated that sagacious reptile, but it appears now that his value as a viand has also been grossly misunderstood and underrated. A group of French gourmets, whose object it is to do for the cookery of the future what Wagner is doing for its music, are happily following up the labors of Darwin in this direction, and, having recently tried this tempting morsel, have communicated to a grateful public the result of their researches. Fifty guests were present at the experiment. The worms, apparently lob-worms, were first put into vinegar, by which process they were made to disgorge the famous vegetable mold about which we have heard so much. They were then rolled in batter and put into an oven, where they acquired a delightful golden tint, and, we are assured, a most appetizing smell. After the first plateful the fifty guests rose like one man and asked for more. Could anything be more convincing? Those who love snails, they add, will abandon them forever in favor of worms. And yet M. Monselet, the great authority in Paris, has told us sadly that no advances have been made in the art of cookery since Brillat-Savarin, and that all enthusiasm on the subject died out with Vatel when he committed suicide because the fish had not arrived for the royal dinner.

It was the Duke of Wellington, we believe, who referred to hash as "something left over from the fight of yesterday," but at some hotels they make it so nicely of lamb and potatoes that even epicures have expressed satisfaction with it.

There are three dishes, it is said, which if put upon the bill of fare of a London club, are devoured before all the rest; so that at 7 or 8 o'clock, when most members dine, there is nothing left of them. These dishes are Irish stew, tripe and onions, and liver and bacon.

SCRAPS ABOUT LANDLORDS AND HOTELS.

Carving the Goose.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Were this a pulpit, I should doubtless preach,
Were this a platform, I should gravely teach,
But to no solemn duties I pretend
In my vocation at the table's end,
So, as my answer, let me tell instead
What Landlord Porter—rest his soul—once said.

A feast it was that none might scorn to share;
Cambridge and Concord's demigods were there—
"And who were they?" You know as will as I
The stars long glittering in our Eastern sky—
The names that blazon our provincial scroll
Ring round the world with Britain's drumbeat roll.
Good was the dinner, better was the talk;
Some whispered, devious was the homeward walk;
The story came from some reporting spy,
They lie, those fellows—O, how they do lie!
Not ours those foot-tracks in the new fallen snow—
Poets and sages never zig zagged so.

Now Landlord Porter, grave concise, severe,
Master, nay monarch in his proper sphere,
Though to belles-lettres he pretended not,
Lived close to Harvard, so know what was what,
And having bards, philosophers, and such
To eat his dinner, put the finest touch
His art could teach, those learned mouths to fill
With the best proofs of gustatory skill,
And finding wisdom plenty at his board,
Wit, science, learning, all his guests had stored
By way of contrast, ventured to produce
To please their palates, an inviting goose

Better it were the company should starve
Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to carve;
None but the master artist shall assail
The bird that turns the mightiest surge on pale,

One voice arises from the banquet hall—
The landlord answers to the pleading call;
Of stature tall, sublime of port, he stands,
His blade and trident gleaming in his hands;
Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints relax
As the weak knees before the headsmen's ax.

And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering knife
As some stout warrior armed for bloody strife;
All eyes are on him, some in whispers ask
What man is that who dares this dangerous task?
When, lo! the triumph of consummate art,
With scarce a touch the creature drops apart,
As when the baby in his nurse's lap
Spills on the carpet a dessected map.

Then the calm sage, the monarch of the lyre,
Critics and men of science, all admire
And one whose wisdom I will not impeach,
Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of speech,
Speaks thus: "Say, master, what of worth is left
In birds like this, of breast and legs bereft?"

And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes,
Smiles on the simple querist, and replies
"When from a goose you've taken legs and breast,
Wipe lips, thank God, and leave the poor the rest."

When the world was younger, says the New York *Graphic*, and this city was younger and smaller than now, hotel landlords were more primitive in their ways, and used to sit at the heads of their own tables and carve the breakfast beefsteaks. When Warren Leland so carved at the old Clinton Hotel there used to put up at his house a rich, old and peurious ocountry merchant, whose stinginess at home had earned him the reputation of "counting the potatoes that went into the pot for dinner." And this worthy would always manage to obtain a seat at Warren's elbow. "Mr. Leland," he would observe on seating himself at the breakfast table, "I slept very well last night—very well, indeed. I am not at all particular where I sleep. I can put up with most any sort of a room—but, Mr. Leland, will you oblige me with a bit of steak cut there—just there?" and with this he would delicately touch with the end of his table knife the central and most juicy and tenderest portion of the tenderloin brought hot to the table. And this he would eat with well-timed deliberation, so as to finish just as the next relay of tenderloin was brought on, when he would again remark: "Mr. Leland, your beds are very fine, indeed. I'm not at all particular where I sleep, but would you oblige me with another steak, just there?" and again the tip of his knife would hover over the steak where it cut the easiest and was most tempting. And so on until the end of the breakfast and chapter. Warren Leland, Sr., now tells the story with artistic gusto and humor.

The Delaware river method, of planking shad is as follows: Scale the fish, split it open down the back, carefully remove the roe and entrails and wash and dry it with a cloth. Then spread it on its back and fasten it with two or three nails upon a hickory plank thoroughly hot. Of course but one side of the fish is exposed to the fire, the heat of the plank cooking the other. Set the plank and fish at an angle of forty-five degrees before a clear hot fire of live coals and bake it to a rich brown color, basting it every little while by means of a soft brush with a thin mixture of melted butter and flour. When done serve it upon the plank on which it was cooked: send plank and all to the table. In the

meantime the roe should be parboiled, then egged, rolled in cracker dust or bread crumbs and fried and sent to table with the fish. Housekeepers can obtain the planks ready made and fitted with wire fastenings for planking shad at the house-furnishing warehouses. This is the way to broil a shad: Clean, wash and split the shad, wipe it dry, and sprinkle it with salt and pepper. Rub a double wire broiler with suet or other fat, place the fish upon it, and put it over a clear fire and broil it to a golden brown color. Then place it on a hot dish and pour plain melted butter over it, seasoned with salt and pepper. This is a delightfully appetizing dish for breakfast.

If broiling be for any reason impossible, a shad may be fried, thus: Clean, wash and split the shad in two, then cut each half crosswise into three parts, season well with pepper and salt and dredge them with flour. Have your frying material smoking hot, lay in your pieces of fish and fry them to a nice golden brown, drain and lay them on a hot dish, pour plain melted butter over them and serve piping hot.

The news that "The Cock," in Fleet Street, London, is to be demolished announces the disappearance of the resorts which are intimately associated with the characteristic life of London for centuries, and with the most famous names in English literature and history. Many a pilgrim to London would hasten first of all to the site of the old Tabard Inn in Southwark, and search curiously for some trace of Dame Quickly's tavern in Eastcheap, or Beaumont and Jonson's "Mermoid," or Dryden's "Buttons," or Dr. Johnson's "Mitre." London, indeed, swarms with taverns and clubs and resorts, so intimately identified with the most interesting traditions that old London itself vanishes as they disappear.

"The Cock," of which there is a characteristic picture upon another page, is not only rich in old reminiscence—for it was unaltered since the days of James I, and Pepys made merry there in 1668—but it has acquired fresh charm in recent times from Tennyson's "Will Waterproof's Monologue," in which that thoughtful roisterer apostrophizes the "plump head waiter of the Cock." In Dickens's *Life and Letters* there is the same friendly feeling for the tavern as a seat of good fellowship. Thackeray is never more charming than when he is playfully gossiping or moralizing about the good places for good dinners, and when he was in this country, he was never more at home than when, at the "Century," he was seated with his cigar and his "modest glass," ruling with gentle sway, like Addison with his pipe, in his familiar realm.

Such associations as those of the famous London resorts of wits and poets and statesmen and scholars are of great value to any city. As they disap-

pear the city is robbed of an influence which, although a mere sentiment, is most elevating and persuasive. The universal instinct of men which builds monuments and other memorials of the famous dead, the heroes and patriots, the poets and story-tellers and orators, is akin to that which fondly cherishes the material objects with which they were associated, and preserves their autographs and every personal relic. New York has retained very few buildings which have any striking or interesting connection with the past. The most interesting of them is probably Fraunces' Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, where Washington parted with his officers. But although London still teems with them, even London will have lost a charm which no splendor of architecture or convenience of building can restore, when the most famous "Cock" in the world is gone forever.—*Harpers Weekly*.

Mr. Abner C. McIlrath, who kept a famous hotel for thirty-six years, six miles from Cleveland on Euclid avenue, has been gathered to his stalwart fathers. He was a mighty fox hunter and a remarkable athlete. Six feet six inches and a half tall, his average weight was about 264 pounds, but yet he is said to have frequently on foot run down foxes. He once lifted with his hands from the ground an iron shaft weighing 1,700 pounds, which would be equal to lifting double that weight were he harnessed with straps to weights and allowed to lift under the best advantage. Two men would hold a string two inches above his head, and he would step back two or three steps and jump over it without touching it, making the leap about six feet nine inches in height. He has been known, rather than to lead his horses around to the other side of the barn, to put his long arms under a horse and lift it up to the floor of the barn, which happened to be three or four feet above the ground. In Buffalo he once wrestled with and threw with ease Charlie Freeman, the "American giant," who afterward in England defeated "Tipton Slasher" in a prize fight. Another feat of the hotel keeper was his chase on horseback of a fox one December over frozen Lake Erie far from sight of land. He lived to the age of seventy years, having been a paralytic for four years of life as a result of exposure during a fox hunt. He was borne to the grave Saturday by six of his tall sons, four of whom are six feet four and a half inches high and the other two just six feet, and whose combined weight is 1,305 pounds.

At most Italian restaurants on the authority of the London *Caterer*, cotellettes milanese, consisting only of a veal chop or cutlet encrusted with bread crumbs and egg, with the traditional quarter of lemon to stimulate the palate, is a standing dish.

SCRAPS ABOUT DINNERS.

A President's Dinner

To return to Washington's dinner, the writer of the description continues: "First was soup, fish, roasted and boiled meats, gammon, fowls, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way with small images, flowers (artificial), etc. The dessert was first apple pies, puddings, etc.; then iced creams, jellies, etc.; then watermelons, muskmelons, apples, peaches, nuts. It was the most solemn dinner I ever sat at," continues Maclay. "Not a health drank, scarce a word said, until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, taking a glass of wine, with great formality drank the health of every individual by name 'round the table. Everybody imitated him—charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam,' never had I heard before.

"The ladies sat a good while and the bottle passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled and everybody else laughed. He now and then said a sentence or two on some common subject, and what he said was not amiss. The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it. We did not sit long after the ladies retired. The President rose, went up stairs to drink coffee—the company followed." This precedent was followed at President Arthur's dinners last year.

Prince Napoleon, while a prisoner at Conciergerie, had his meals from one of the most illustrious restaurateurs in Paris, and they were excellently chosen. One day when a correspondent called on him he had for breakfast "œufs brouillés aux pointes d'asperge," mutton cutlets à la Napolitaine, cold capon, cheese and grapes. His dinner consisted of potage Voisin, filets of sole, Tournedos (an admirable fillet of beef) and salad. Upon this fare one might worry along, even in captivity.

The New York "Thirteen" Club has lately partaken of its seventh annual dinner. The menu was printed on cards cut in the shape of a coffin lid and the repast consisted of thirteen dishes. The organization has thirteen times thirteen members, the initiation fee is \$13, the monthly dues are 13 cents, and, still, despite the awful significance of this

showing, there are applicants for fellowship awaiting the death of present members.

A Mediæval Dinner.

A mediæval dinner was recently given in Basle in honor of the mediæval collection in that city, and to augment its funds. The guests, 120 in number, were summoned by the blare of trumpets to the table which was splendid with old plate and drinking vessels loaned by the venerable guilds of the city. The first course was beer soup of the middle ages, and the last was "gofren" and "aenisbrod," baked after the models exhibited in early German pictures. Wine of the middle ages was not to be had, but a loving cup of Markgrafter of the vintage of 1715 was sent round the table. Two pianofortes made in the years 1720 and 1750, furnished the accompaniments to the songs in a tone 'remarkably thin, but at the same time exceedingly tender and refined.' The guests wore modern garments, but the servants were appropriately dressed, and the furniture of the hall and the decorations of the table, to the smallest detail, were conscientious reproductions of the middle ages.

A birthday cake with sixty-five tiny candles was a table ornament at the dinner to Mr. Evarts on Saturday.

At a dinner party in New York the other evening the menu, printed on white satin, came from beneath the wings of a tiny swan placed beside the plate of each guest. The swans were retained as souvenirs, and when their heads were pulled off were found to be intended for match boxes.

Ice cream was served at a hunt dinner the other night in the form of whips, spurs, saddles, caps, and other freezing reminders of the Long Island hunting field.

At a recent private dinner served at Kinsley's, in Chicago, the ice cream came to the table in the form of asparagus stalks and bananas. Cakes filled with cream were made to take the form and appearance of baked potatoes, and the deception was so perfect as to excite the wonder and admiration of all present.

For a dinner for eighteen gentlemen on Thursday, a florist made a centre-basket remarkable for its size and display of selected flowers. It was six feet in diameter. There were one thousand rich roses and a garden of lilacs, violets and other spring blossoms. The centre of this piece was a circle of lillies—amaryllis, vitata and callas. The coat knots were of hyacinth sprays and roses. The

same night a dinner for 125 at Delmonico's was decorated with rose baskets fringed with ferns.

At a dinner party recently given in New York the menus placed at the plate of each guest cost sixty dollars apiece. They were in the form of a picture, a beautiful work of art, which could afterwards be used as a drawing room ornament. An English gentleman, in whose honor the entertainment was given, spilled some wine over his, which ruined it. Not wishing to lose so costly and beautiful a souvenir, he went to Tiffany's and had a duplicate made.

A Memphis paper says: "The Fontaine german" in this city was the biggest affair of the season. The supper was very elaborate. The most unique and striking feature of the repast was produced on the cutting of six grand centre cakes. In each of the cakes had been placed six live birds—doves in some, in others quail—and on opening them these feathered guests fluttered their wings, and, rising in the air, perched on the doors and heavy window sills, from which elevated and lofty positions they gazed down on the brilliant assemblage.

It is related of the famous Spanish banker, Don Jone de Salamanca, who died recently, that in 1858 he gave a single dinner that cost \$90,000.

The gallant Colonel Tom Ochiltree of Texas, gave a supper to a party of friends in Washington a few nights ago that is said to have cost \$500.

The dinner of the Standard Collar Club at the Hotel Brunswick on Wednesday night was attended by thirty gentlemen. The menus were hand painted, and cost ten dollars each. The dishes were ornamented with sugar collars, and the bird musical dinner favors held collars in their bills.

Nearly all the large office buildings and banks down-town have their own restaurants, which are presided over by a steward, a *chef* and a corps of waiters and attendants—but few people have an idea how systematically such a department of a great institution is managed. Take the Western Union Telegraph building as an example. There are more than eleven hundred employes on the pay roll, and of these fully eight hundred regularly eat in the building. To feed these the meats are put on the fire every morning at four o'clock, and when cooked are carried to the steam tables. Beef, ham, tongue, vegetables, tea, chocolate and milk are the ordinary dishes served for dinner, which is charged at cost price, ten cents. This meal is served to all—no distinction is made from the lowest to the highest official of the company. No wine, liquors or ale is allowed. The men are waited on by men and the

females by women. If any one desires a steak an extra charge of ten cents is added. A ticket entitling the owner to as many meals as there are numbers on it, is sold, the ticket being punched every time a meal is eaten. Breakfast is served at seven, dinner from twelve to one, and after that hour for head officials; tea at five and supper at midnight. If any of the lady employes is taken sick or feels unwell a hot cup of tea is sent down from the kitchen, which is on the top floor, and no charge whatever is made. The dining room is large, thirty by eighty feet, thoroughly clean and located on one of the upper floors.—*N. Y. Gastronomer.*

"Ain't this a little high?" asked a timid tenderfoot of a Deadwood tavern-keeper who had charged him \$1.50 for his dinner. "It may be a little high," replied the host, fumbling with the handle of a revolver in the cash drawer; "but I need the money." He got it

Shovel and pick brigade—a party of Americans at dinner.

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter, with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

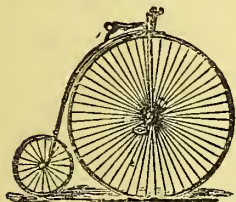
Cheyenne society is harrowed up over a question of etiquette. People are divided in opinion as to which coat sleeve a man should wipe his mouth with after eating soup.

The London *Caterer* tells of a novelty—the golden pudding, which comes on the table as a bag of gold, such as is delivered by banks, and upon being opened, imitations of money, fruits and confectionery are disclosed

One of Benjamin Franklin's Dinners.

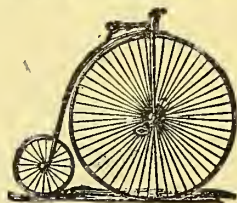
A century ago one of the notable ladies in Philadelphia society was Mrs. Mary Ruston, and if proof were wanting that the people of those days appreciated the joys of the table it could be found in her receipt book, now owned by Charles M. Penny-packer, one of her descendants. Mrs. Ruston was in the habit of recording in this book particulars of the elaborate dinners at which she was present. Thus it appears that on one occasion Dr. Franklin regaled his guests with clam soup, breast of veal ragouted, forequarter of roast lamb, four small chickens, pigs' feet, a pair of roast ducks, and a roast leg of mutton, with numerous vegetables served from the sideboard, and filled up the services with a dessert of green currant tarts, jellies, truffles, blanc mange, cranberry tarts, English and Swiss cheeses and cheese cakes.

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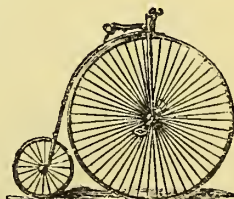
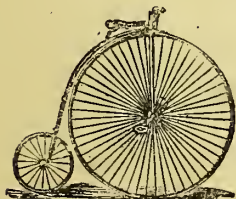
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SCRAPS ABOUT GREAT EATERS AND EPICURES.

Queer Customers of Cafes.

In M. Eugene Chavette's witty and curious little volume, published in 1867, "Restaurateurs et Restaurateurs," some entertaining portraits are given of eccentric guests, celebrated at Parisian cafes. One of the most famous of these was Gourier, commonly called "The Fork of Death," a frequenter of the Restaurant Bonvelet, who invited a victim to dine with him by the year, and slew him with high feeding. The first died of apoplexy after a six months' combat; the second held his own for two years, and then succumbed to a "liver complaint"—an indigestion brought on by over-indulgence in the liver of the Strasburg goose, "three days after," as Gourier sadly said, when gazing on the funeral from the window of the restaurant, "I had treated him to a new hat for his birthday." A third champion then descended into the arena, a long lean man named Ameline, who said as his invariable grace when sitting down to table with his host, "You rascal, I'm going to bury you;" while the host gently replied by way of "Amen," "Nonsense; the other two said the same thing." The crafty Ameline, however, took occasion to pick a quarrel monthly with his amphitryon, and, retiring sulkily to his tent, dieted himself on tea, toast, and senna, returning to the encounter mollified and refreshed after an absence of two or three days, during which Gourier lost still more ground by eating rapidly, and injuring his digestion by solitary and gloomy reflections. One day, after this duel had lasted three years, Gourier, who had just helped himself to a fourteenth slice of 4-year-old Welsh mutton, threw his head back. His companion, thinking he was about to sneeze, muttered the customary benediction; but Gourier fell forward into the currant jelly, dead as the mutton he so dearly loved. He who had taken the fork had perished by the fork. He should have imitated the prudent diner of the Cafe Riche, who always had two dozen saucers piled at his left when he sat down to table, and wore one between his collar and the nape of his neck throughout the repast, changing it as it became warm, as a preventive against apoplexy.

The heroes of gastronomy, including Mr. Walton himself, will gnash their teeth, which, excepting their stomachs, must be regarded as their most valuable possessions, when they hear of the exploit just accomplished by Thomas Clute, of Mount Morris, N.Y. On Feb. 6 that individual ate six quarts of sauer kraut within the space of thirty-seven minutes, and washed it down with a bottle of champagne. Having survived this feat in excel-

lent condition he now offers to bet a reasonable amount that he can eat eight quarts of sauer kraut within an hour. This challenge is likely to result in an international contest, for Clute is not a German, and the children of the Fatherland will not tamely submit to his imputation on their capacity in the sauer kraut line.

Captain Morris, George the Fourth's boon companion, used to sing:

Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
But I like what is good
When and where be my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.

There was a good deal of monotony and variety about the monthly repast of the eccentric who used to dine at the Maison Phillippe, going conscientiously through the thirty-five or forty soups on the bill of fare, and topping off with a cream meringue. Another much pointed out diner frequented the Restaurant Vefour, distinguishing himself by his devotion to sweets—a plump and rosy little old gentleman, who had carried the Princess Lamballe's head round Paris on a pike in his salad days. Handel, who ordered the dinner for four, and, arriving alone, bade it be brought in "brestissimo—I am de gompany," was outdone by the man of an unbounded stomach who used to visit Vachette's every fortnight and call for the proprietor, Brebant, and give the following order: "My dear Brebant, I shall have six friends to dinner to-morrow" (mentioning their names); "all experienced diners, you see! Get us up a nice little dinner—70 francs a head, without wine. Have it served at 6 o'clock, post-office time; I have told them to be punctual." At 5:45 the host arrives, inspects the table, writes out the names of the diners and places their cards at their plates, arranges the relishes according to the taste of each, then takes out his watch. "Ah! 6 o'clock, and no one here." Brebant: "Perhaps you are fast?" "No, I always keep post-office time, and I told them 6 to the minute. I'll give them a lesson. Have dinner served." Brebant: "But they may have been unaccountably delayed." "Well, I'll give them five minutes' grace." After watching for them in vain, "Put on the dinner; they can overtake me." Then he fell to and devoured the dinner for seven, indulging in a monologue for the benefit of the waiter. "Why on earth did all those

scoundrels fail to keep their appointment?" Coffee being served he sends for Brebant, and says, with triumphant smile, "You see, if I had taken your advice I'd be waiting for them still. I'll invite them again two weeks from now, and see if they will be more punctual." And two weeks later, the same comedy having been performed with due solemnity, the diner reiterates his determination with indignant vehemence, "D—n them! I'll ask them again; I want to see how far they will carry their brutal lack of politeness!"

What Bismarck Eats.

There seems to be something in the air and life of Germany extraordinarily favorable to the digestion. Bismarck has thriven on mixtures of champagne and porter washing down meals at the description of which the American trembles, but he does no more than the other most famous ruler of his country, Frederick the Great. Here is what Dr. Zimmerman saw him devour when a septuagenarian invalid: "A very large quantity of soup, of the strongest and most highly spiced ingredients, Yet spiced as it already was, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of powdered ginger and mace; then a good piece of *bœuf à la Russe*—beef steeped in half a pint of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, half Indian corn, half Parmesan cheese. To this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This, one of the King's most darling dishes, is called *Polenta*. At last, the King having expressed his satisfaction at the excellent appetite which the dandelion gave him, closed the scene with a whole plateful of eel pie, so hot and fiery it seemed as if it had been baked in hell. At other times he would eat a large quantity of chilling and unwholesome fruits, especially melons, and then again a vast number of sweetmeats.

Byron's extravagant fondness for macaroni has been recorded in more than one sketch of his tastes and habits, but his biographers have omitted to mention the fact that he was wont to bestow his macaroni so thickly with slices of truffle that the result—his favorite dish—might have been more correctly described as "truffles au macaroni" than as "macaroni aux truffles."

There are many examples on record of a voracity almost incredible, and sometimes, indeed, including the most unlikely objects. Sparing my readers any such details, I prefer to relate two actual instances from my own experience, which do not require on their part any great effort of faith.

Some forty years ago I went to pay a flying visit

to the vicar of Bregnier, a man of great stature, and known throughout the district for his power of eating. Though scarcely midday, I found him already at the table; the soup had been removed, as well as the meat boiled in it, and these two regular dishes had been followed by a leg of mutton, a fine fowl and a large bowl of salad. On seeing me he ordered another knife and fork, which I declined; and it was well I did so, for alone, and without any assistance, he quite easily got rid of everything, leaving of the mutton nothing but the bone, of the fowl nothing but the skeleton, and of the salad nothing but the bowl. Next they brought a cheese of considerable size and in it he made an angular breach of ninety degrees; the whole being washed down with a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, he then went to have his forty winks.

One thing which delighted me was, that during the whole of this performance, lasting nearly three quarters of an hour, the venerable pastor did not at all seem too much engrossed in his work. The huge pieces which he threw into his capacious mouth prevented him neither from talking nor laughing, and he despatched all that was put before him with as little effort as if he had only eaten a couple of larks.

In the same way General Bisson, who drank eight bottles of wine every day at breakfast, never seemed to be doing anything of the sort. His glass was larger than the others, and he emptied it oftener; but you would have said that he did it without any effort, and, whilst thus imbibing his sixteen pints he could as freely join in pleasant chat or give his orders as if he had only drunk a single bottle.

At the age of eighteen, General Sibuet had that happy appetite by which Nature announces her intention of completing a well developed man, when one evening he entered Genin's dining rooms, where the worthies of the place usually met to eat chestnuts over a bottle of white wine there called "cross grain."

A superb turkey had just been taken off the spit, a fine bird, golden, done to a turn, and scenting the room enough to tempt a saint.

The village worthies, not being hungry, took very little notice of it; but the digestive powers of young Sibuet were stirred within him, and with his mouth watering, he cried, "I have only just had dinner, yet I'll lay a bet to eat that big turkey all by myself."

"Done!" replied Bouvier du Bouchet, a stout farmer, who happened to be in the room; if you'll eat it, I'll pay for you; but if you come to a halt, then you'll pay, and I'll eat the rest."

Instantly setting to work, the young athlete detached a wing skillfully and swallowed it in two mouthfuls; then kept his teeth in play whilst taking

a glass of wine as an interlude, by crunching the neck of the fowl.

Next he tackled the thigh, and after eating it with the same self-possession, took a second glass of wine to clear the way for the remainder. Very soon the second wing went the same road, and on its disappearance, the performer, as keen as ever, was taking hold of the only remaining limb, when the unfortunate farmer shouted in a doleful tone, "Ah! I see very well you'll win; but as I have to pay, leave me a small bit to myself."

Sibuet was as good natured as he afterwards showed himself courageous, and not only consented to his opponent's request, who thus had for his share the carcase of the fowl, but paid both for the turkey and the necessary accompaniments.

—*Brillat-Savarin.*

Some Noted Epicures.

From All The Year Round.

Among noted epicures of this era—Louis XIV—were the Marquis de Cussy, inventor of a cake which still bears his name; Camerani, a mediocre actor, but excellent stage manager of the Comedie Italienne, who employed his leisure hours in the composition of a soup, the materials of which were so costly as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary epicure; and Journiac de St. Meard, the same who during the Reign of Terror had miraculously escaped sharing the fate of his fellow-suspects in the prison of the Abbaye. According to contemporary accounts, it was his custom to take his place at the table early in the morning and never leave it before night; and it is recorded of him that, having invited a friend to dinner, he pressed him to partake of a particular dish, which the other declined doing, pleading as an excuse that he feared it might not agree with him. "Bah!" contemptuously exclaimed Journiac, "you don't mean to say that you are one of the idiots who trouble themselves about their digestion!"

Nor must a certain priest be forgotten, whose elasticity of conscience in culinary matters was proverbial. Being invited on a fast day to a repast befitting the occasion at the house of a noted lover of good cheer, he was on the point of helping himself to a dish, the odor of which singularly tickled his palate, when the lay brother who accompanied him enjoined him in a whisper not to touch it, adding that he had seen it prepared in the kitchen and that the gravy was simply the essence of meat. "Meddling fool!" angrily muttered his superior, pushing away the dish with a sigh of mortification; "what business had he in the kitchen? Couldn't he have kept it to himself until after dinner?"

We can remember many years ago conversing with an old gentleman who had been on intimate

terms with Brillat-Savarin and Grimod de la Reyniere, and questioning him about them. "Brillat-Savarin," he said, "was the pleasantest and cheeriest of men, but he had one defect; he was inordinately fond of pork, and I recollect a dinner given by him at Villers-sur-Orge, on which occasion a delicately-prepared sucking-pig met with such general approbation that our host sent for the cook, and after complimenting him on his skill, declared his intention of bestowing on him a suitable recompense, and having ascertained on inquiry that M. Pierre's ambition was to marry a young girl whose face was her fortune, promised a handsome dowry to the bride, besides paying for the wedding dinner; so that the sucking-pig eventually cost him over 6,000 francs."

During the Consulate and the Empire the most fashionable "traiteur" was the Beauvilliers, whose splendid dining rooms in the Rue Richelieu were frequented by the best society in Paris. Unlike the generality of his colleagues, he was equally renowned for his polished and courteous manners, and for the orthodox propriety of his costumes; he invariably received his customers himself, and took infinite pains that everything set before them should be sufficiently tempting to induce them to repeat their visit. One day a gentleman, whom he recognized as a well known marquis, came in and ordered a "supreme de volaille" (a specialty of the establishment), which in due time was placed on the table. Beauvilliers, happening to pass by at the moment, glanced at the dish, and in spite of the remonstrances of the marquis pounced upon it, and delivered it to a waiter, directing him to have another prepared immediately. Then, turning to his indignant visitor, and deliberately savouring a pinch of snuff, "M. le Marquis," he said, "you will pardon the abruptness of my proceeding, but the honor of my house is at stake. I regret that you should be exposed to a little temporary inconvenience, but I cannot allow my reputation to be compromised by a failure."

When the illustrious academicians, Villemain and Victor Cousin, were young students, they generally dined together for the sake of economy, their modest repast consisting of a single dish of meat, with now and then a couple of apples, one for each; by way of dessert. On these gala occasions Villemain, who had a weakness for this supplementary luxury, never omitted to start a subject of conversation on which his companion loved to air his theories; and while the latter declaimed and philosophised to his heart's content, quietly ate both the apples.

To the foregoing list of gastronomic celebrities may be added the names of three men of mark of our own time, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas and Rossini. The first of these, although sufficiently abstemious in other respects, had an inordinate pre-

dilection for pastry and fruit, devouring, as Leon Goz'an tells us, whole dishes of Montreuil peaches and juicy pears with Gaigantuan facility. Dumas considered his culinary manual a masterpiece far superior to the Mousquetaires or Monte Cristo, while the composer of Il Barbiere was never so happy as when superintending the preparation of a dish invented by himself. "I was born to be a cook," he exclaimed one evening, while presiding at the supper-table of his villa at Passy; "and have altogether missed my vocation!"

"But, maestro," objected one of his guests, "in that case we should have had no Guillaume Tell."

"Bah!" contemptuously retorted Rossini, "any-one could have done that. Donizetti and Bellini can write operas, but if either of them were to try his hand at a *timbale de macaroni aux truffes*," helping himself largely as he spoke to the delicacy in question, "do you imagine for a moment that it would taste like this."

Epicurean Clergy

It is a remarkable fact that the epicures of the world should be so largely indebted to the French clergy for the luxuries they enjoy. It has been suggested that during the long season of Lent these holy men have been in the habit of relieving their privations by employing their ingenuity in the invention of pleasant foods and drinks in readiness for the return of the days of feasting. Whether there is any foundation for this or not is not positively known, but the fact remains that the clergy, from whatever cause, are capital inventors of all comestibles. One of the largest oyster parks in the country was started by the Abbe Bonnetard, the cure of La Teste, whose system of artificial cultivation was so successful that last year of 151,000,000 oysters distributed through France, 97,000,000 were produced by the abbe. Canon Agen was the discoverer of the terrines of the Nerac. The rillettes of Tours are the work of a monk of Marmoutiers. The renowned liqueurs Chartreuse, Trappistine, Benedictine, and others betray their monastic origin in their names, and the strangest part of their production is that they should be the work of the most severe and ascetic of religious bodies. The Elixir of Garus is the invention of the Abbe Garus. The Beziers sausages were first prepared under the direction of the Prior Lamouroux. The popular Bergougnous sauce was first mingled by the Abbe Bergougnous. The delicate Floguard cakes are the invention of the Abbe Floguard. Even the immortal glory of the discovery of champagne is attributed to a monk. To these may be added the innumerable delicacies in bon-bons, confectionery, and the like, which owe their origin entirely to the nuns

in the French convents scattered throughout the land.

Lovers of Truffles.

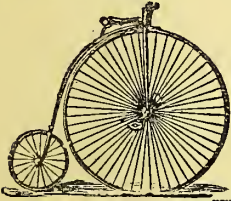
London Telegraph.

Herr Julius Olden, a contemporary eulogist of the truffle, boldly asserts that ever since the discovery of this toothsome tuber it has been beloved of poets and musicians above all other comestibles. Among its most renowned votaries he assigns front-rank places to Georges Sand—who bestowed upon it the fanciful title of "Fair Potato," and immortalized its merits in a metrical legend—Lord Byron and Rossini. Byron's extravagant fondness for macaroni has been recorded in more than one sketch of his tastes and habits; but his biographers, according to Herr Olden, have omitted to mention the fact that he was wont to bestrew his macaroni so thickly with slices of truffle that the result—his favorite dish—might have been more correctly described as "truffles au macaroni" than as "macaroni aux truffes." The Swan Pesaro was no less enthusiastic a truffle-worshiper than the author of "Don Juan." It was Rossini whose fertile brain, stimulated to superhuman activity by dread of an impending gastronomical calamity, invented truffle salad. He was dining one day with several celebrated epicures, at the table of Baron James Rothschild. The moment had arrived for serving the *roti*, when it was discovered to the horror of all present, that the Baron's *chef* had forgotten to provide any salad! Rossini was the only person who preserved his presence of mind. He called for truffles and the castors, cut up the former into delicate slices, mixed a sublime dressing with the contents of the latter, and in a few minutes produced a salad of so seductively delicate a flavor that his admiring fellow-gourmets unanimously christened it "the poetry of truffles set to music by Maestro Rossini."

The following anecdote of the Count Vittalio Borromeo and his famous chef is related: "The Count was a great epicure, and would sooner part with his best friend than with his cook. This culinary artist knew how to please his master with a variety of dishes, known only to himself, in fact his own production, among which was one, that for the delicacy of its meat, the aroma of its condiment, and the general care taken in its preparation, made it the favorite above all the rest, and for many years it held the monopoly of the Count's table. The cook died, and many filled his place, but to no satisfaction. Money was freely lavished but to no purpose. The Count was languishing for want of an appetite, until one day, after a careful investigation an old scullion, for many years an inmate of

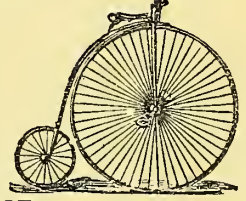
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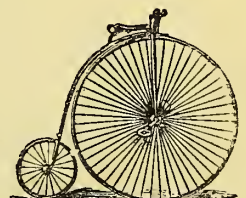
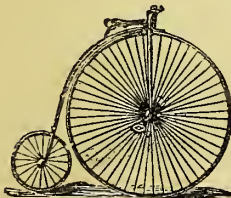
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the palace, conducted the new cook to a remote sub-cellar of the palace, in a corner of which a large cage was built, and continually supplied with enormous rats, fed on meal and milk, fattened and purified, until ready to kill. These, and the ingenuity of the cook, kept for a long time the old Count in ecstasy over his table."

A Tableau.

Paris Paper.

M. Gauthier de Rumilly, dean of the senate, received a visit a few days ago from his landlord. It was a question of repairs to be made, and the senator explained what he wanted to have done. The proprietor listened attentively and promising to have everything done. Six o'clock struck.

"Six o'clock already," said the landlord.

"Exactly," replied M. de Rumilly; "but that doesn't matter, for I hope you will do me the honor of dining with me."

"You are very kind," replied the landlord, "but—"

"I insist; I shall not let you leave at this hour; your plate is already laid."

"It is impossible."

"I shall be angry."

"It is impossible, notwithstanding the desire I have to remain. My affairs call me elsewhere at precisely this hour."

"You do not wish to share my dinner?" said the senator, slightly vexed.

"You will understand why. They dine at M. de Rothschild's at 7 o'clock."

"Ah, you are his guest!"

"No, I am his cook."

Tableau.

Roman Cooks and Gourmands

Quarterly Review.

In Juvenal's time the salary of a good cook was ten times higher than that of a tutor, a man of learning and ability, who, according to Lucian, was deemed well paid with 200 sesterces a year. The salary of Dionysia, a danseuse, was 200,000. The houses and establishments of the two players in pantomime, Bathyllus and Pylades, rivaled those of the richest patricians. There were three Romans named Apicius, each celebrated for devotion to gastronomy. The second, who flourished under Tiberius, was the most famous, and enjoys the credit of having shown both discrimination and industry in the gratification of his appetite; so much so that his name has passed into a synonym for an accomplished epicure. After spending about £800,000 on his palate he balanced his books, and finding

that he had not much more than £80,000 left, hanged himself to avoid living upon such a pittance. Lempriere's version is that he made a mistake in casting up his books, and hanged himself under a false impression of insolvency. A noted betting man named Smith made a similar mistake in casting up his book for the Derby, and flung himself into the sea. He was fished out, discovered the mistake and ever since went by the name of Neptune Smith. Apicius unluckily had no kind friend to cut him down. The outrageous absurdities of Elagabalus equaled or surpassed those of Caligula and Nero. He fed the officers of his palace with the brains of pheasants and thrushes, the eggs of partridges, and the heads of parrots. Among the dishes served at his own table were peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricasseed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls. His meals were frequently composed of twenty-two services. Turning roofs threw flowers with such profusion on the guests that they were nearly smothered. At the sea-side he never ate fish, but when far inland he caused the roe of the rarest to be distributed among his suite. He was the first Roman who ever wore a complete dress of silk. His shoes glittered with rubies and emeralds, and his chariots were of gold, inlaid with precious stones. With a view to becoming suicide, he had cords of purple silk, poisons inclosed in emeralds, and richly set daggers; but either his courage failed when the moment arrived for choosing between these elegant instruments of death, or no time was left him for the choice. He was killed in an insurrection of the soldiery in the eighteenth year of his age, after a reign of nearly four years, during which the Roman people had endured the insane and degrading tyranny of a boy.

The first rose of spring—the shad's.

The guests have dined, and the host hands round a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says. "but you will find them good; my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."

Ben. Butler is one of the biggest eaters that visit the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He devours an enormous quantity of meat, vegetables, milk, coffee, salads and sweets. A chicken disappears before him as though he was a Methodist preacher and it was a partridge. He doesn't affect wines. At his home he has several varieties upon his table, but he drinks only about a tumblerful of sherry. If he wants a drink he takes a glass of Jamaica rum, or the statesman's drink, brandy. He eats four meals a day, and is never troubled with indigestion. He smokes cigars that are strong enough to knock a marine over. Yet he prides himself upon his temperate life, to which he traces his prosperity.

TABLE ETIQUETTE

Use of the Napkin and Finger-Bowl.

(Laramine Boomerang.)

It has been stated, and very truly too, that the law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. It may be said however, on the start, that custom and good breeding have uttered the decree that it is in exceedingly poor taste to put the napkin in the pocket and carry it away.

The rule of etiquette is becoming more and more thoroughly established, that the napkin should be left at the house of the host or hostess after dinner.

There has been a good deal of discussion, also upon the matter of folding the napkin after dinner, and whether it should be so disposed of or negligently tossed into the gravy boat. If however, it can be folded easily, and without attracting too much attention and prolonging the session for several hours, it should be so arranged, and placed beside the plate, where it may easily be found by the hostess, and returned to her neighbor from whom she borrowed it for the occasion. If however the lady of the house is not doing her own work, the napkin may be carefully jammed into a globular wad and fired under the table to convey the idea of utter recklessness and pampered abandon.

The use of the finger bowl is also a subject of much importance to the *bouton* guest who gorges himself at the expense of his friends.

The custom of drinking out of the finger bowl though not entirely obsolete, has been limited to the extent that good breeding does not permit the guest to quaff the water from the finger-bowl unless he does so prior to using it as a finger-bowl.

Thus, it will be seen that social customs are slowly but surely cutting down and circumscribing the rights and privileges of the masses.

At the court of Eugenie the customs of the table were very rigid, and the most prominent guest of H. R. H. was liable to get the G. B. if he spread his napkin on his lap and cut his eggs in two with a carving knife. The custom was that the napkin should be hung on one knee, and the egg busted at the big end and scooped out with a spoon.

A prominent American at his table one day, in an unguarded moment shattered the shell of a soft boiled egg with his knife, and while prying it apart both thumbs were erroneously jammed into the true inwardness of the fruit with so much momentum that juice took him in the eye, thus blinding him and maddening him to such a degree that he got up and threw the remains into the bosom of the hired man plenipotentiary, who stood near the table

scratching his ear with the tray. As may readily be supposed, there was a painful interim, during which it was hard to tell for five or six minutes whether the prominent American or the hired man would come out on top, but at last the prominent American with the egg in his eye got the ear of the high-priced hired man in among his back teeth, and the honor of our beloved flag was vindicated.

A Revolution in Carving

(Bill Nye's Boomerang)

Speaking about carving, there is a prospect now that in our best circles, within a short time, the old custom of making the host demolish the kiln dried poultry at dinner will become extinct, and that a servant at a sideboard will take a hand saw and a can of nitro-glycerine and shatter the remains, thus giving a host a chance to chat with his guests instead of spattering them with dressing, and casting gloom and gravy over the company.

This is a move for which I have long contended. It places the manual labor of a dinner where it belongs, and relieves a man who should give his whole attention to the entertainment of his friends at table. You would not expect your host to take off his coat and kill the fowl in your presence, in order to show you that it was all on the square, and it is not customary to require the proprietor to peel the potatoes at the table of his guest, to prove that there is no put up job about it.

Therefore, I claim that the lamented hen may be thoroughly shattered at a side table by an athlete at \$4 per week, and still good faith toward the guests be maintained. If any one be doubtful or suspicious, etiquette will permit him to stand by the side of the hireling carver and witness the inquest. Still it would be better for him to sit at the table, and if the parts given him are not satisfactory, he can put them in his overshoes problem and casually throw them out the back door while the other guests are listening to the "Maiden's Prayer" in the parlor.

Under the new deal the host will enjoy the dinner much more than he used to with his thumb cut off and a quart of dressing on his lap. No man feels perfectly at home if he has to wrap up his cut finger in a rag and then scoop a handful of dressing out of his vest pocket. Few men are cool enough to do this, laughing heartily all the time and telling some mirth provoking anecdote meanwhile.

It is also annoying to have twenty guests ask for the "dark meat, please," when there are only three animals cooked, and neither one of them had a particle of dark meat about her person. Lately

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I have adopted the plan of segregating the fowl by main strength, using the fingers when necessary, and then wiping them in an off hand manner on the table-cloth. Then I ask the servant to bring in that dark hen we ordered, so that we might have an abundance of dark meat. If the servant says there is none, I smile and tell the guests that the brunette chicken, by some oversight, has been eaten in the kitchen, and I shall have to give them such relics as may be at hand. This simplifies the matter, and places me in a far more agreeable place relative to the company. My great success however in carving, is mainly confined to the watermelon. The watermelon does not confuse me. I always know how to find the joints, and those who do not like the inside of the melon can have the outside. Now, my great trouble with fowls is, that one day I have Nebraska chicken, and the next trip I have to assassinate a Mormon Shanghai pullet, with high, expressive hip bones and amalgam pale-tot. This makes me nervous, because they are so dissimilar and their joints are in different places.

The Mormon hen is round shouldered, and her collar bone is more on the bias than the Nebraska fowl. This gives a totally different expression to her features in death, and, as I have said, destroys the symmetry of the carve.

I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgage your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position, then, passing the dissecting knife down between the shoulder blades, bisect the polonaise.

Another method is to take the quail by the hind-leg and eat it asking the guests to do the same. This breaks up the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal dinner party, and, while each one has his or her nose immersed in quail, good feeling cannot fail to show itself.

An Essay on Roller Skates

[Laramie Boomerang.]

The roller skate is a wayward little quadruped. It is as frolicsome and more innocent looking than a lamb, but for interfering with one's upright attitude in the community, it is, perhaps, the best machine that has appeared in Salt Lake city.

One's first feeling upon standing on a pair of roller skates is an uncontrollable tendency to come from together. One foot may start out toward Idaho, while the other as promptly starts for Arizona. The legs do not stand by each other as legs related by blood should do, but each shows a disposition

to set up in business alone, and have you take care of yourself as best you may. The awkwardness of this arrangement is apparent, while they are setting up independently, there is nothing for you to do but sit down and await future developments. And you have to sit down, too, without having made any previous preparation for it, and without having devoted as much thought to it as you might have done had you been consulted in the matter.

One of the most noticeable things at a skating rink is the strong attachment between the human body and floor of the rink. If the human body had been coming through space for days and days, at the rate of a million miles a second, without stopping at eating stations, and not excepting Sundays, when it strikes the floor, we could understand why it struck the floor with so much violence. As it is however, the thing is inexplicable.

There are different kinds of falls in vogue at the rink. There are the rear falls, and the front falls, and the Cardinal Wolsey fall, the fall one across the other, three in a pile and so on. There are some of the falls I would like to be excused from describing. The rear fall is the favorite. It is more frequently utilized than any other. There are two positions in skating, the perpendicular and the horizontal. Advanced skaters prefer the perpendicular, while others affect the horizontal.

Skates are no respecters of persons. They will lay out a minister of the Gospel, or the mayor of the city, as readily as they will a short coated, one suspender boy or a giddy girl.

When one of a man's feet start for Nevada, and the other for Colorado, that does not separate him from the floor or break up his fun. Other portions of his body take the place his feet have just vacated with a promptness that is surprising. And he will find that the fun has just begun—for the people looking on.

The equipment for the rink, are a pair of skates, a cushion, and a bottle of liniment.

"How do you like my waffles?" asked a society belle of her guest. "Could not be nicer," was the reply. "Did you really make these yourself?" "Oh, yes, indeed, I read off the recipe to the cook and turned the patent flour sifter all by myself."

Mistress to new cook—"On Wednesdays and Saturdays I shall go to market with you." New cook—"Very well mum; but who's a going to carry the basket the other days?"

A New York plumber is said to have died from overwork. It is terribly hard on a man to hug the cook and solder a sink spout at the same time.

SCRAPS ABOUT COOKS.

An Opening for Young Men.

Daily National Hotel Reporter.

So many of the avenues opening to young men are so completely filled and even overcrowded that it behooves thinking people to find new paths by which those approaching manhood, in the country and city, may finally reach a competency and perhaps something more. The "National Hotel Reporter" believes it can point out such a path, and one, too, that is comparatively untrodden. The path to which we refer leads to the hotel kitchen, and the position which is sure to yield a comfortable and satisfactory income is that of chef or head cook. It is a position which rarely pays less than \$50 per month and often double and treble that sum. In addition to this amount of cash received, the cook also has his "living" which, at a low estimate, gives him an income ranging from \$70 to \$200 per month, according to the skill and ability of the man employed. The "Reporter is sorry to make such a statement, but it is a fact that the majority of hotel cooks are worthless, unreliable, ignorant and given to dissipation. And yet those of them who are at all skillful can always find permanent employment at remunerative wages. Does not the hotel kitchen, then, offer rare inducements for young men, to educate themselves (beginning, of course, like all true students, at the lower rounds of the ladder) to fill the honorable position of master of the range? The subject is one which we earnestly commend to young men about to select a means of livelihood, and also to those practical hotel keepers who see that, sooner or later, something must be done to improve the character and standing of their kitchen forces.

They have at one of the leading restaurants in Paris a Chinese cook whose sole and exclusive duty it is to cook rice. It is claimed that he can prepare and serve it in two or three dozen different styles, and when Lord Lyons gives dinner parties he hires this culinary Chinaman for the special purpose of cooking a dish of curry and rice that is described as delicious.

The Union Universelle pour le Progres de l'Art Culinaire has just given a curious fete at the Palace theatre. After dancing had been vigorously carried on for some time a plentiful supper was spread on a number of large tables; no less than nineteen plats appeared in succession, each bearing the name of some distinguished cook, their inventor. M. Monselet presided, and among the numerous witticisms delivered by him perhaps the chef d'œuvre was an eulogium on a lobster, ingeniously prepared a la Belleville by "M. Mention." The

prize, a gold medal, was subsequently decreed to M. Emile Vassant, chef to Baron Erlanger, for a poularde a la Anglaise, and the second to M. Berte, for his Monde des Oiseaux a la Toussenel. The third prize fell to M. Escoffier, the talented chef of the restaurant Castiglione, for a chafroid d'alouettes, and M. Kaugeneiser received a prize for a pain de foie gras.

Genius in the Kitchen.

Hartford Times.

Another branch of the subject which comes up yearly at the cooks' ball for discussion by the gourmands is the degree of ingenuity displayed by different famous cooks in devising new dishes and menus wherewith to tickle jaded palates. It is considered that for originality the palm should go to the chef of the French Rothschilds, whose patron in Christmas week, 1870, invited a select party of friends to the following dinner:

Hors D'oeuvres

Butter Radishes Sardines Ass's head, stuffed
Potages.

Puree of beans aux croutons Elephant consomme
Entrees.

Fried gudgeons Roast camel a la Anglaise
Civet of kangaroo Roast ribs of bear

Rotis

Haunch of wolf, venison sauce Cat with rats

Water-cress-salad

Antelope pie, truffled Petits pois au beurre

Rice-cakes with preserves

Gruyere cheese

Wines

Xeres Chateau Mouton Rothschild

Latour blanche, 1861 Rornancee Contil, 1853

Chateau Palmer, 1860 Bollinger frappe
orto, 1827

Cafe et liqueurs

This dinner cost the Rothschild's chef three months' preparation, besides writing and telegraphing to the different parts of the world, and in money \$400 a cover.

New York has 430 cooks who are members of the "Societe Culinaire." M. Fere, chef of the Astor House, is the manager of the American branch of the association, and the others are: Drolu, chef to the King of Spain; Bohers, chef of the St. James Club, London, and Favre, of the Central Hotel, Berlin. The official paper is published at Geneva, Switzerland.

The chef of the Chinese Embassy in Paris has introduced baked ice as a gastronomic novelty and gives for it the following recipe: "Make your ice

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very fine; roll out some light paste thin and cut into small squares; place a spoonful of ice in the centre of each piece of paste and fold it up closely, so that no air may get in, and bake in a quick oven. The paste will be cooked before the ice can melt.

Queen Victoria has recently received from the London Cooks' Company a beautiful plaque of hammered silver, which the Lord Steward of Buckingham has acknowledged for her in a gracefully expressed communication.

It was at the *petits soupers de Choisy* of Louis XV. that the *tables volantes* were first introduced. Those "admirable pieces of mechanism," as they are called by a distinguished gastronome, the poet Rogers, consisted of a table and sideboard, which, at a signal, descended through the floor, to be immediately replaced by others which rose covered with a fresh course.

His singular proficiency in the art of cookery, one of the few redeeming features in this worthless monarch's character, was derived, like his taste for working tapestry, from his youthful companions, the Dukes of Epemon and La Tremouille and De Gesvres.

But for the reign of Louis XVIII. being so recent our author would probably have referred to his qualities as a gastronome. In these he as certainly equalled Louis the Magnificent and his worthless successor, as he surpassed them intellectually and morally. His most famous *maitre d'hotel* was the Duc d'Escars, of whom a Quarterly Reviewer says that, when he and his royal master were closeted together to meditate a dish, the Ministers of State were kept waiting in the antechamber, and the next day the official announcement regularly appeared—"M. le Duc d'Escars a travaillé dans le cabinet."

The king had invented the *truffes a la puree d'ortolans*, and invariably prepared it himself, assisted by the duke. On one occasion they had jointly composed a dish of more than ordinary dimensions, and duly consumed the whole of it. In the middle of the night the duke was seized with a fit of indigestion, and his case was declared hopeless; loyal to the last, he ordered an attendant to wake and inform the king, who might be exposed to a similar attack. His majesty was roused accordingly, and told that d'Escars was dying of his invention. "Dying!" exclaimed Louis le Desire; "dying of my *truffes a la puree*? I was right then; I always said that I had the better stomach of the two."

Money is a good thing, even to a cook, but it is not the chief thing in life—to a cook. The famous Careme, the friend of princes, who boasted that the fate of Europe often depended upon the kind of

sauces he served up at political banquets, died in 1833, before he had attained his fiftieth year—killed by his passion for work. "The charcoal kills us," he said, "but what does that matter? The fewer years, the greater glory." Careme was not a man to care for money, and the world is fortunate in having some disciples worthy of him.

Parlor Cookery.

Harper's Bazar.

Another set, less lofty, have descended to the kitchen, and call themselves the "Pancake Club." This club aims at the mastery of the culinary art, and its *batterie de cuisine* is indeed formidable. There are silver chafing dishes, faultless trivets, and alcohol lamps enough to sink a Monitor at least. These amateur Brillat-Savarins aim at breakfast-table and supper cookery, the oysters, kidneys and deviled turkey being all cooked on the table. The idea is that a theatre party shall, after enjoying the play, come home and cook their own supper. Also the breakfast for the early bird who must be down-town to catch the Wall Street worm—this hasty meal shall be cooked for him by a loving wife or daughter on a silver chafing-dish or heater before his eyes. This is an admirable idea. These noble girls mean to learn how to make the most delicious Persian coffee, to attack even the kitchen range, and to make all the pancakes possible, to realize that title "dainty dishes" to its fullest extent. Of course one evening a week they appear in costume—white apron and cap—and treat their admirers to a supper all cooked by themselves.

The Lady Amateur Cook.

Cook's Letter to a Friend.

Our Lady Amabel she've took lessons, so as to help us in the cooking. One day down she comes to make an apple pie. I'd made the paste ready for 'er to roll and buttered the dish, and Jane had peeled the apples, and John and Robert stood over 'er with the things, and 'Liza had hot water for 'er to wash 'er hands in when she'd done. So it was a nice "help," you may be sure! Hows'ever, she did it, and I baked it; and upstairs they all said as there'd never bin known sich a pie—tho' it was as sour as warjuice, for, lor', if she hadn't forgot to put in the shuggar!

A great cook is a great man. For instance Fere, of the Astor House, is an aristocrat in his dominions, and when away from his fires lives in excellent style upon a salary of \$4,000 a year. One of his sons is a promising young artist engaged upon the "Graphic" in this city. Fere's position requires

a knowledge of accounts as well as of cookery. He has to study economy, the prices in the markets, study out new dishes, and keep an eye upon his twelve cooks, eighteen assistants and ten carvers. His work begins at 6 o'clock in the morning and ends at 7 in the evening, and during that time he oversees the preparation of food for 3,000 persons. M. Fere's secretary is a real count, de Moiseau by name, who has been naturalized and has no other ambition than to make the Astor House table the best in the country.—*Cor. Hartford Times.*

Cooks' of the Olden Days.

The cook of the middle ages was a lordly autocrat, and his scepter, a long wooden spoon, was also used as a means of punishment. Brillat-Savarin tells this story:

An Italian prince, who had a Sicilian cook of great excellence—the cooks of Sicily were famous even in the days of ancient Rome—was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his entire batterie de cuisine and his Sicilian cook. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock, the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with terror, he pulled up, and, looking back, exclaimed:

"The cook! the cook! Holy Virgin, the cook!"

"No, your Excellency," cried a voice from the rear; "it is Don Prosdocimo!"

The Prince heaved a sigh of profound relief. "Ah! only the chaplain!" said he. "Heaven be thanked!"

French Cooking.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Englishmen and Frenchmen were on a parity of capacity as cooks. Perhaps, as having finer meats, England slightly surpassed its neighbor, but the character of the cuisine of the two countries may be accurately appreciated from the description of the banquet of Gargantua in Rabelais. Nothing could be more abundant or more barbarously coarse than that monstrous feast. It was Gouthier of Andernach, the German physician of Francis I., who came to put an end to the reign of culinary barbarism in France. The great reformer of the French kitchen was a Huguenot, and died in 1574 at Strasbourg, an exile from the land for whose digestion he had done so much; but the seed which he had sown bore good fruit, and its cultivation was continued by that admirable cook, Catherine de Medicis, who had brought with her from Italy the best traditions of the Florentine cuisine, next to the Roman the graudest in Europe. There were then formed in Paris two companies of cooks—the cooks proper and the patissiers, but in 1770 the two guilds were united by a decree of Parliament as the jurande and

maitrisse of the Queen, an old Gallic word signifying cooks. It was from this fact that France dates her supremacy in the restorative art.

An Ingenious Cook.

Near, in the opinion of the Greek poet Euphron, are the poet and the cook. Both, he says, attain by an ingenious audacity the apex of their art. And to show the intellectual daring of the cook, he tells the following story: Nicomedes, the great King of Bithynia, being once on a time some twelve days' journey from the sea, had a sudden longing for a loach. Some lexicographers explain the word used by Euphron as "smelt," but the general consensus is in favor of the former interpretation. His cook served him in twenty minutes this very fish. Everybody wondered, for the season, to add to the difficulty of the exploit, chanced to be midwinter. It is said that once while Selden sat in the assembly of divines at Westminster, a warm debate arose about the distance from Jericho to Jerusalem. Those who contended for the longer distance were about to yield to the argument of their adversaries that fishes were carried from one city to the other, when the celebrated lawyer cried out, "Perhaps the fishes were salted," upon which the dispute was renewed with increased vigor. But the loach in the present case was quite fresh. How then was it procured?

French cooks can, it is well known, make a delicious soup out of an old shoe, but the curious device of the cook of Nicomedes will be found equally clever. He took a turnip and cut it into the figure of a loach. He then boiled it gently over a slow fire, added a certain quantity of oil and salt—not that indefinite amount familiar to us in modern cookery books as a "pinch," but measured with exact and learned discrimination—and completed the dish by the sprinkling of a dozen grains of black pepper. Nicomedes, devouring the disguised turnip with a good appetite, told his friend that it was the finest loach he ever ate in his life.

Concerning a subject upon which the "National Hotel Reporter" has had considerable to say of late, the New York "Graphic" of recent date prints the following well chosen words: The best hotel cooks in New York are French, generally from Alsace. They get from \$150 to \$200 per month, and in a few cases more. This includes board and wine. They learn their business in Paris, and are often men of more than ordinary intelligence and education. They have at command an array of French culinary authorities to which, in cases requiring reference, they turn, as does the lawyer to his "old masters." No young American enters regularly on the "profession" of a cook. He is "above it," and generally such profession is above him. He had rather try to be a lawyer and end by becoming a lawyer's assistant at some nameless price per week, not inclusive of board and wine.

Dinner for twelve

Oysters

~~Canterbury~~ Royale

Turbot - Lobster - Sauce

Curried Kidneys
Oyster Patties

Saddle of Mutton

Pheasant

Bavarian Cream
Apricot & white jelly

Roast Salad

Ice Cream

Mushrooms on Toast or
Cheese Cakes

Dessert

